

Two Excellent PLAYS:

The Wits,  
A Comedie.

THE  
PLATONICK  
LOVERS,  
A Tragi-Comedie.

Both presented at the Private House  
IN  
BLACK-FRIERS,  
By His Majesties Servants.

The AUTHOR,  
Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT, Kt

LONDON,  
Printed for G. Bedel, and T. Collins, and are to be sold at  
their Shop at the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet-  
street, 1665.

Two Excellent Plays:

# The Wits



Licensed,

March 3.

Roger L'Estrange.

1661

A Tragico-Comedy.

Both performed at the Private House



By His Majesties Servants.

BY AUTHORITY

Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT, Kt.

LONDON,

Printed for G. Bickel, and T. Collins, and are to be sold at  
the shop at the end of Temple Lane in Fleet  
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A  
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*The* AUTHOR,  
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Printed for *Gabriel Bedel*, and *T. Collins*, and are  
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ple-gate in Fleetstreet, 1665.

The Wits :

COMEDIE :

IN

Black-tives

BY

THE

WITS

AND

THE

WITS



To the Chiefly Belov'd of all  
that are Ingenious, and Noble,  
ENDYMION PORTER, of His  
Majesties Bed-Chamber.

S I R,



Hough you covet not acknow-  
ledgements, receive what be-  
longs to you by a double Title:  
your goodness hath preserv'd life  
in the Author; then rescu'd his  
work from a cruel Faction;  
which nothing but the Forces of your Reason,  
and your Reputation could subdue. If it be-  
come your pleasure now, as when it had the ad-  
vantage of Presentation on the Stage, I shall  
be taught, to boast some merit in my self: but  
with this Inference; you still (as in that doubt-  
ful day of my trial) endeavour to make shew of  
so much Justice, as may countenance the love  
you bear to

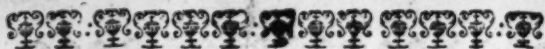
*Your most obliged, and thankfull*

*humble Servant,*

WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

A 2

48



*To the Reader of Sir William  
Davenant's Play.*

**I**T hath been said of old, that Plays are Feasts,  
Poets the Cooks, and the Spectators Guests,  
The Actors Waiters: From this Similie,  
Some have deriv'd an unsafe libertie  
To use their Judgements as their Tastes, which  
chuse

Without controul, this Dish, and that refuse:  
But wit allows not this large Priviledge;  
Either you must confess, or feel its edge;  
Nor shall you make a currant Inference  
If you transferr your Reason to your Sense:  
Things are distinct, and must the same appear  
To every piercing Eye, or well-tun'd Ear.  
Though sweets with yours, sharps best with my  
taste meet,

Both must agree this meat's or sharp or sweet:  
But if I sent a stench or a perfume,  
Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume  
You have that sense imperfect: So you may  
Affect a sad, merry, or humerous Play,  
If, though the kinde distaste or please, the Good  
And Bad, be by your Judgement understood;  
But if, as in this Play, where with delight  
I feast my Epicurean appetite  
With relishes so curious, as dispense  
The utmost pleasure to the ravisht sense,



You

You should profess that you can nothing meet  
That hits your taste, either with sharp or sweet,  
But cry out, 'Tis insipid; your bold Tongue  
May do it's Master, not the Author wrong;  
For Men of better Pallat will by it.  
Take the just elevation of your Wit.

T. CAREW.

A 3

The



THE PROLOGUE.

**B**less me you kinder Stars ! How are we  
throng'd:  
Alas ! whom, hath our long-sick-Poet wrong'd,  
That he should meet together in one day  
A Session, and a Faction at his Play ?  
To Judge, and to Condemne : For't cannot be  
Amongst so many here, all should agree.  
Then 'tis to such vast expectation rais'd,  
As it were to be wonder'd at, not prais'd:  
And this, good faith, Sir Poet ( if I've read  
Customes, or Men ) strikes you, and your Muse  
dead !

Conceive now too; how much, how oft each Eare  
Hath surfeited in this our Hemispheare,  
With various, pure, eternal Wit ; and then  
My fine young Comick Sir, y'are kill'd agen.  
But 'bove the mischief of these feares, a sort  
Of cruel Spies ( we hear ) intend a sport  
Among themselves ; ) our mirth must not at all  
Tickle, or stir their Lungs, but shake their Gall.  
So this joyn'd with the rest, makes me again  
To say, You and your Lady-Muse within

Will

Will have but a sad doom; and your trim Brow  
Which long'd for Wreaths, you must weare naked  
now;

'Lesse some resolve out of a courteous pride,  
To like and praise what others shall deride?  
So they've their humor too; and wee in spight  
Of our dull Brains, will think each side i' th right.  
Such is your pleasant judgments upon Playes,  
Like Paralells that run straight, though sev'rall  
ways.

A 4

The



## The Persons of the Comedy.

Palatine the Elder,	<i>Richly Landed and a Witt.</i>
Palatine the Younger,	<i>{ A Witt too, but lives on his exhibition in Town.</i>
Sir Morglay Thwack,	<i>A humorous rich old Knight.</i>
Sir Tirant Thrift,	<i>Guardian to the Lady Ample.</i>
Meager,	<i>{ A Souldier newly come from Holland</i>
Pert,	<i>His Comrade.</i>
Engine,	<i>Steward to Sir Tirant Thrift.</i>
The Lady Ample,	<i>{ An I. heretrix, and Ward to Sir Tirant Thrift.</i>
Lucy,	<i>{ Mistress to the Younger Palatine.</i>
Ginet,	<i>Woman to the Lady Ample.</i>
Snore,	<i>A Constable.</i>
Mistress Snore,	<i>His Wife.</i>
Mistress Queasie,	<i>Her Neighbour.</i>
Watchmen, &c.	

The Scene LONDON.

The

# THE VVITS.

## ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Enter Young Pallatine, Meager, Pert.*

*Young Pallatine.*



Elcome o'shore *Meager*! Give me thy hand,  
Tis a true one, and will no more forsake  
A Bond, or Bill, then a good Sword; a hand  
That will shift for the Body, till the Laws  
Provide for both:

*Meag.* Old Wine, and new Cloaths, Sir,  
Make you wanton! D'you not see *Pert*, my Comrade?

*To. Pallat.* Ambiguous *Pert*, hast thou danc'd to the  
Drum too?

Could a Taffeta scarf, a long Estridge whing,  
A stiffe Iron Doublet, and a Brazeel Pole  
Tempt thee from Cambrick sheets, fine active Thighs,  
From Caudles where the precious Amber swims?

*Pert.* Faith, we have been to kill, we know not whom,  
Nor why: Led on to break a Commandement,  
With the consent of Custom and the Laws.

*Meag.* Mine was a certain inclination, Sir  
To do mischief, where good men of the Jury,  
And a dull Congregation of gray beards  
Might urge no tedious Statute 'gainst my life:

*To. Pallat.* Nothing but Honour could seduce thee,

*Pert.*

Honor, which is the hope of the youthful,  
And the old Souldiers wealth, a jealousy  
To the Noble, and misery to the wise.

*Pert.* It was Sir, no Geographical fancie

(Cause

( Cause in our Maps, I lik'd this Region here  
More than that Country lying there ) made me  
Partial which to fight for.

*To. Pallat.* True, sage *Pert.*

What is't to thee whether one *Don Diego*  
A Prince, or *Hans van Holm*, Fritter-seller  
Of *Bombel*, do conquer that Paraper,  
Redout, or Town, which thou nere saw'st before ?

*Pert.* Not a brass Thimble to me : but Honor !—

*To. Pallat.* Why right ! else wherefore shouldst thou  
bleed for him,

Whose Money, Wine, nor Wench, thou nere hast us'd ?  
Or why destroy some poor Root-eating Souldier,  
That never gave thee the Lye, deny'd to pledge  
Thy Cockatrices health, nere spit upon  
Thy Dog, jeer'd thy Spur-leather, or return'd  
Thy Tooth-pick ragged, which he borrowed whole ?

*Pert.* Never to my knowledge !

*Meag.* Comrade ! tis time—

*To. Pallat.* What, to unship your Trunks at *Billingsgate* ?  
Fierce *Meager* ! why such haste ? do not I know,  
That a Mouse yoa'd to a Pescod, may draw  
With the frail Cordage of one hair, your Goods  
About the World ?

*Pert.* Why we have Linnen Sir !

*To. Pallat.* As much Sir as will fill a Tinder-Box.  
Or make a Frog a shirt. I like not friends,  
This quiet modest posture of your Shoulders !  
Why stir you not, as you were practising  
To Fence, or do you hide your Cattel lest  
The Skipper make you pay their passage over ?

*Pert.* Know *Pallatine* ! Truth is a naked Lady,  
Shee will shew all ; *Meager*, and I have not—

*To. Pall.* The Treasure of Saint *Mark* I believe, Sir,  
Though you are as rich as cast Servingmen,  
Or Bawdled thrice into Captivity !

*Pert.*

*Pert.* Thou hast a heart of the right stamp; I find  
It is nor comely in thine eyes to see  
Us sons of War walk by the pleasant Vines  
Of Gascoiny, as we believ'd the Grapes  
Forbidden fruit: sneak through a Tavern with  
Remorse, as we had read the Alcaron,  
And made it our best Faith.

*Meag.* And abstain flesh,  
As if our English Beef were all reserv'd  
For Sacrifice.

*Pert.* Whilst *Colon* keeps more noise  
Than *Mariners* at Playes, or Apple-wives  
That wrangle for a Sive.

*Meag.* Contribute, come.

*To Pallat.* Stand there close on your lives! here in  
this house

Lives a rich old Hen, whose young Egg (though not  
Of her own laying) I have in the Embers:  
Shee may prove a Morsel for a discreet mouth,  
If the kind Fates have but the leasure to  
Betray the old one. *Pert. Pallatine.*  
No plots upon generation; we two  
Have fasted so long, that we cannot think  
Of begetting any thing, unless  
Like Cannibals, we might eat our own Issue.

*To Pallat.* I say close, shrink in your Motions! go!

*Meager.* Why hidden thus? A Souldier may appear.

*To Pallat.* Yes in a Surlers Hut on the Pay-day:  
But do you know the silence of this house,  
The gravity and awe? here dwells a Lady,  
That hath not seen a street, since good King *Harry*  
Cald her to a Mask: she is more devout  
Then a Weaver of *Barbury* that hopes  
T' intice Heaven (by singing) to make him Lord  
Of twenty Looms. I never saw her yet:  
And to arrive at my preferment first,  
In your sweet company will (I take it)

Add

Add but little to my hopes. Retire! goe!

*They step aside, whilst he calls between the Hangings*  
*Pert.* We shall obey, but do not tempt us now  
 With sweet-meats for the nether Pallat! doe not—

*To: Pallar.* What *Lucy!* *Luce!* now is the old Beldame  
 Misleading her to a Cushion; where she  
 Must pray, and sigh, and fast, untill her knees:  
 Grow smaller then her Knuckles. *Lucy!* *Luce,*  
 No hope! she is undone! she'l number o're  
 As many Orisons, as if she had  
 A Bushel of Beads to her Rosary!

*Lucy!* my Aprill love! my Mistresse speak!—

*Enter Lucy.*

*Lucy,* Palatine, for Heavens sake keep in your voice!  
 My cruell Aunt will hear, and I am lost.

*To: Pallar.* What can she hear, when her old cares  
 are stuff'd

With as much warm wax, as will seal nine Leases?

What a pox does she listning upon earth?

I't not time for her t'affect privacie?

To creep into a close dark Vault, there go ship

With worms and such small tame creatures, as Heaven  
 Provided to accompany old People?

*Lucy.* Still better'd unto worse! but that my heart  
 Consents not to disfigure thee, thou would'st be torne  
 To pieces numberless as sand, or as  
 The doubts of guilt, or love, in Cowards are!

*To: Pal.* How now *Luce!* from what strange coast  
 this storm! hah!

*Lucy.* Thou dost out-drinke the youth of Norway at  
 Their Marriage feasts, out-swear a puny Gamster  
 When his first misfortune rages our quarrell,  
 One that rides post, and is stop't by a Cart:  
 Thy walking hours are later in the night,  
 Then those which Drawers, Traytors, or Constables  
 Themselves do keep; for Watchmen know thee better

55A

Then

Then their Lanthorn ! and here's your Surgeons Bill,  
Your kind thrift ( I thanke you ) hath sent it me  
To pay, as if the poor exhibition  
My Aunt allows for Aprons, would maintain  
You in Seareclothes. — Gives him a paper.

*Meager.* Can the Daughters of Brabant  
Talke thus when *Tonker-gbeck* leads'em to a Stove?

*Pert.* I say ( *Meager* ) there is a small parcel  
Of Man, that rebels more then all the rest  
Of his body, and I shall need ( if I  
Stay here ) no Elixir of Beefe to exalt  
Nature, though I were leaner then a groat !

*Yo: Pallat.* This Surgeon's a Rogue ( *Luce* ) a fellow,  
*Luce*,

That hath no more care of a Gentlemans  
Credit, then of the Lint, he hath twice us'd !

*Lucy,* Well Sir, but what's that Instrument he names

*Yo: Pall.* He writes down here for a tool of Injection  
*Luce*, a small water Engine which I bought  
For my Taylors' Child to squirt at Prentises !

*Luce.* I Sir, he sins more against wit then Heaven,  
That knows not how t'excuse what he hath done !  
I shall be old at twenty, *Pallatine*,

My grief to see thy manners, and thy mind  
Hath wrought so much upon my heart !

*Yo: Pallat.* I'de as lieve keep our Marriage Supper  
In a Churchyard, and beget our Children  
In a Coffin, as hear thee prophesie ;

*Luce*, thou art drunk *Luce* ; farr gone in Almond Milke,  
Kiss me ! —

*Pert.* Now I dissolve like an Eringo ?

*Meager.* He's ploughing o'the Indies, good Gold  
appear !

*Yo: Pallat.* I am a new man, *Luce* ; thou shalt find me  
In a Geneva-band that was reduc'd  
From an old Aldermans Cuffe ; no more hair left

Then

Then will shackle a flea; this debash'd Whine-yard;  
 I will reclaim to comely Bow and Arrowes,  
 And shoot with Habardashers at *Finsbury*,  
 And be thought the Grand-child of *Adam-Bell*!  
 And more (my *Luce*) hang at my velvet Girdle,  
 A Book wrapp'd in a green *Dimity* Bagge,  
 And squire thy untooth'd Aunt to an exercise.

*Lucy*. Nothing but strict Laws, and age will tame you.

*To: Pallat*. What money hast thou, *Luce*?

*Lucy*. I there's your business.

*To: Pallat*. It is the business of the world: Injuries  
 grow

To get it, Justice sits for the same end;  
 Men are not wise without it; for it makes  
 Wisdom known; and to be a fool and poor,  
 Is next t'old Aches and bad Fame; tis worse  
 Than to have six new Creditors, they each  
 Twelve Children, and not bread enough to make  
 The Landlord a Toft, when he calls for Ale  
 And Rent. Think on that, and rob thy Aunts Trunks  
 Ere the hath time to make an Inventory.

*Pert*. A cunning Pioner! he works to th'bottom.

*Lucy*. Hast thou no taste of Heav'n? wert thou begot  
 In a Prison, and bred up in a Galley?

*To: Pallat*. *Luce*! I speak like one that hath seen the  
 Book

Of Fate: I'm loth (for thy sake) to mount a Coach  
 With two wheels; whilst the Damzels of the Shop  
 Cry out, A goodly strait chin'd Gentleman!  
 He dyes, for robbing an Attornies Cloak-bag  
 Of Copper-seals, foul Night-caps, together  
 With his Wives bracelet of Mill-Testers!

*Lucy*. There Sir! ———

*Flings him a Purse.*

Tis gold! my Pendants, Carkanets, and Rings,  
 My Christning Caudle-cup and Spoons  
 Are dissolv'd into that Lump. Nay, take all!

And

*The Wits.*

7

And with it as much anger as would make  
Thy Mother write thee illegitimate !  
See me no more ! I will not stay to bleſs  
My gift ; leſt I ſhould teach my patience ſuffer  
Till I convert it into Sin. *Exit.*

*To: Pallat.* Temptations will not thrive. This baggage ſleeps  
Croſs-legg'd, and the Devil has no more power  
O're that charm, then dead men ore their lewd Heirs.  
I muſt marry her, and ſpend my revenue  
In Cradles, Pins, and Sope ! That's th'end of all  
That ſcape a deep River, and a tall Bough.

*Meag. Pallatine !* How much ?

*Pert. Honorable Pall !*

*To. Pallat.* Gentlemen, you muſt accept without gaging

Your corporal Oathes, to repay in three dayes !

*Pert.* Not wee ( *Pall* ) in three Jubilies, fear not !

*To: Pallat.* Nor ſhall you charge mee with loud vehemence

( Thrice before company ) to wait you in  
My chamber ſuch a night ; for then, a certain  
Drover of the South comes to pay you money !

*Meag.* On our new Faiths !

*Pert.* On our Allegiance *Pall !*

*To: Pall.* Go then ! — ſhift, and brush your ſkins  
well, d'you hear !

Meet me at the new Play ; faire, and perfum'd !  
There are ſtrange words hang on the lips of Rumor !

*Pert.* Language of joy deere *Pall !*

*To: Pallat.* This day is come

To Town, the Minion of the womb ( my Lads )  
My elder Brother, and hee moves like ſome  
Aſſyrian Prince : his Chariots meaſure Leagues  
Witty, as youthful Poets in their wine !  
Bold as a Centaure at a Feaſt, and kind

As

As Virgins that were ne're beguild with love!  
I seek him now, meet and triumph!

{ Meager, King Pall! — *Exeunt Omnes.*  
{ Pert.

*Enter Sir Morglay Thwack, Eld. Pallatine, new  
and richly clothed, buttoning themselves.*

*Eld. Pallat.* Sir Morglay! come! the houres have  
wings, and you

Are grown too old, t'overtake them: The Town  
Lookes (me thinks) as it would invite the Country  
To a Feast.

*Thwack.* At which Serjeants and their Yeomen  
Must be no Waiters (*Pallatine*) lest some  
O'the Guests pretend busines: how dost like me?

*Elder Pallat.* As one, old women shall no more avoid,  
Then they can warm Furrs or Muskadell!

*Thwack.* *Pallatine!* to have a volatile Ache,  
That removes oftner then the Tartars Camp;

To have a stitch that sucks a man awry,

Till he shew crooked as a Chestnut Bough,

Or stand in the deform'd Guard of a Fencer;

To have these hid in Flesh, that has liv'd sinfull

Fifty long yeares; yet husband, so much strength

As could convey me hither, fourscore Miles

On a designe of Wit, and glory may

Be Registred for a strange Northern Act.

*Eld. Pallat.* I cannot boast those Noble Maladies

As yet; but Time (dear Knight) as I have heard,

May make mans knowledge bold upon himself.

We travell in the grand cause! These smooth Rags,

These Jewels too, that seem to smile e're they

Betray, are certain silly snares, in which

Your Lady-wits, and their wise Compeers-Male

May chance be caught!

*Exit*

*The Wits.*

9

*Enter Young Pallatine.*

*Yo. Pallat.* You're welcome ( Noble Brother )  
Must be hereafter spoke, for I have lost,  
With glad haste to find you, much of my Breath! —

*Eld. Pallat.* Your joy becomes you, it hath Court-  
ship in't :

*Yo. Pallat.* Sir *Morglay Thwack!* I did expect to see  
The Archer *Cimbeline*, or old King *Lud*  
Advance his Fauchion here agen, e're you  
'Mongst so much smoke, diseases, Law, and noise!

*Thwack.* What your Town gets by me, let 'um lay  
For their Orphans, and Record in their Annals!  
I come to borrow where Ile never lend,  
And to buy what Ile never pay for.

*Yo. Pallat.* Not your Debts?

*Thwack.* No Sir, though to a poor Brownist's widow  
Though she sigh all night, and have the next morning  
Nothing to drink, but her own Tears.

*Eld. Pallat.* Nor shalt thou lend money to a sick  
friend,  
Though the sad worm ly morgag'd in his bed  
For the hire of his Sheets.

*Yo. Pallat.* These are Resolves,  
That give me newer wonder than your Cloathes:  
Why in such shining Trim, like Men that come  
From rifled Tents, loaden with victory?

*Eld. Pal.* Yes Brother, or like eager heirs new dipp'd  
In Inke, that seal'd the day before in haste,  
Lest Parchment should grow dear. Know youth we  
come

To be the business of all Eyes, to take  
The wall of our S. *George* on his Feast day:

*Thwack.* Yes, and then imbarck at *Dover*, and do  
the like to St. *Dennis*: All this ( young Sir )  
Without charge too, I mean, to us, we bring  
A numerous odd Philosophy to Town

B

That

That says, pay nothing! *Yo. Pal.* Why, where have I liv'd?

*Eld. Pal.* Brother be calm, and edifie! But first  
Receive a Principle, never hereafter  
(From this warm breathing, till your last cold sigh)  
Will I disburse for you agen; Never!

*Yo. Pal.* Brother mine, if that be your Argument,  
I deny the Major: *Thwack.* Resist Principles?

*El. Pal.* Good faith, though you should send me more  
Epistles

Than young Factors in their first voyage write  
Unto their short hair'd Friends; than absent Lovers  
Pen neer their Mariage-week, to excuse the slow  
Arrival of the License, and the Ring,  
Not one clipp'd penny should depart my reach.

*Yo. Pal.* This Doctrine will not pass, how shall I live?

*El. Pal.* As we intend to do, by our good witts:

*Yo. Pal.* How, Brother, how?

*Eld. Pal.* Truth is a pleasant knowledge;  
Yet you shall have her cheap, Sir *Morglay* here,  
(My kind Disciple) and my self, have leas'd  
Out all our Rents and Lands for pious uses!

*Yo. Pal.* What, *Co-founders*! give Legacies ere  
death:

*Pallatine* the pious, and St *Morglay*:  
Your names will sound but ill 'ith Kalender.  
How long must this fierce raging zeal continue?

*Eld. Pal.* Till we subsist here no more by our wit,  
Then wee'll renounce the Town, and patiently  
Vouchsafe to reassume our Mother Earth,  
Lead on our Ploughs into their rugged walks  
Agen, grope our young Heifers in the flank,  
And swagger in the Wool, we shall borrow  
From our own flocks. *Thwack.* But ere we go,

may

From the vast treasure purchas'd by our wit,

Lea

*The Wits.*

11

Leave here some Monument to speak our Fame,  
I have a strong mind to re-edifie  
The decays of *Fleet-ditch*, from whence I hear  
The roaring *Vestals* late are fled, through hear  
Of persecution. *Yo. Pal.* What a small star have I  
That never yet could light me to this way:  
Live by our wits? *El. Pal.* So live, that Usurers,  
Shall call their Monies in, remove their Banke  
T' Ordinaries, Spring garden, and Hide-Park,  
Whilst their glad Sons are left seven for their chance,  
At Hazard, Hundred, and all made at Sent:  
Three motly Cocks o'th right *Derby* strain,  
Together with a Foal of Beggibrigge!

*Thwa.* Sir, I will match my Lord Maiors Horse, make  
*Jockeys*  
Of his Hench-boyes, and run 'em through Cheap-side.  
*Eld. Pallat.* What beauties Girles of feature govern  
now

I'th town? 'tis long since we did traffick here,  
In midnight whispers, when the Dialect  
Of Loves loose Wit, is frighted into signs,  
And secret laughter stifled into smiles:  
When nothing's loud but the old Nurse's cough;  
Who keeps the Game up, hah! who misled now?

*Thw.* Not Sir, that, if we woo, wee'l be at charge  
For Looks, or if we marry, make a *Joyniture*,  
Entail Land on women? entail a *Back*,  
And so much else of Man, as Nature did  
Provide for the first wife. *Eld. Pallat.* I could keep  
thee,

Thy future Pride, thy Surfets and thy Lust,  
(I mean, in such a garb as may become  
A *Christian Gentleman*) with the sole Tithe  
Of *Tribute*, I shall now receive from Ladies.

*Thack.* Your Brother, and my self have seald to *Cove*  
The Female Youth o'th town are this, but all (name)  
From

From forty to fourscore, mine own : A widow  
 (You'll say) is a wife, solemn, wary Creature ;  
 Though she hath liv'd to'th cunning of dispatch,  
 Clos'd up nine Husbands eyes, and have the wealth  
 Of all their *Testaments*, in one Month Sir,  
 I will waste her to her first Wedding-smock,  
 Her single Ring, Bodkin, and Velvet-Muff.

Yo: *Pallat*. Your Rents expos'd at home, for Pious  
 Must expiate your behaviour here ; Tell me, (uses  
 Is that the subtle plot you have on *Heaven*?

*Thwack*. The worm of your worships conscience  
 would appear

As big as a *Conger*, but a good eye  
 May chance to finde it slender as a *Grigge* :

Yo: *Pal*. Amazement knows no ease, but in demands,  
 Pray tell me Gentlemen, to all this vaste  
 Designment (which so strikes my Ear) deduct  
 You nought from your revenue, nought that may  
 Like Fuell, feed the flame of your expense ?

*Eld. Pal*. Brother, not so much as will find a *Jew*  
 Bacon to his Eggs : These gay tempting Weeds,  
 These Eastern itones of cunning foil bespoke  
 'Gainst our arrival here, together with  
 A certain stock of Crowns in eithers purse,  
 Is all the charge that from our proper own,  
 Begins or furthers the magnifiquie plot,  
 And of these Crowns, not one must be usurp'd  
 By you. *Thwack*. No relief, but Wit and good Counsel!

*Eld. Pal*. The stock my Father left you, if your care  
 Had purpos'd so discreet a course, might well  
 Have set you up i'th Trade, but we spend light :  
 Our Coach is yet unwheel'd, Sir *Morglay*, come,  
 Let's sute those *Friesland* horse with our own strain :

Yo: *Pal*. Why Gentlemen, will the design keep horses?

*Thwack*. May be Sir they shall live by their wits too !

Yo: *Pal*. Their Masters are bad Tutors else, well, how  
 You

You'l worke the Ladies, and weak Gentry here  
By your fine gilded Pills, a Faith that is  
Not old may guess without distrust. But Sirs,  
The Citty ( take't on my experiment )  
Will not be gull'd !

*Thwack*, Not gull'd ? they dare not be  
So impudent ! I say they shall be gull'd,  
And trust, and break, and pawn their *Charter* too !

*Yo: Pallat.* Is it lawful ( Brother ) for me to laugh  
That have no money ?

*Eld. Pallat.* Yes Sir, at your self ! ( Arts,

*Yo: Pallat.* Two that have tasted *Natures* kindness  
And men, have shin'd in moving Camps, have seen  
Courts in their solemn business, and vain pride ;  
Convers'd so long i'th town here, that you know  
Each Sign, and Pibble in the streets ; for you  
( After a long retirement ) to lease forth  
Your wealthy pleasant Lands, to feed *John Crump*,  
The Cripple, *Widow Needy*, and *Abraham*  
*Sloath*, the *Beads-man* of *More-dale* ? I hen (forsooth)  
Perswade your selves to live here by your Wi s.

*Thwack.* Where wee ne're cheated in our Youth,  
we resolve

To couzen in our Age.

*Fld. Pallat.* Brother, I came  
To be your wise example in the Arts  
That lead to thriving glory, and supream life ;  
Not through the humble ways wherein dull Lords  
Of Lands, and Sheep do walk : Men that depend  
On the fantastick winds, on fleeting Clouds,  
On seasons more uncertain than themselves,  
When they would hope or fear ; But you are warm  
In anothers Silke, and make your tame ease  
Virtue, call it content, and quietness !

*Thwack.* Write Letters to your Brother ! do ! and be  
Forsworn in every long *Parenthefs*,

For twenty pound sent you in Butchers Silver !

*Eld. Pall.* Rebukes are precious ! cast them not away !

*Yo: Pall.* Neither of these Philosophers were born  
To above five Senses, why then should they  
Have hope, to do things greater, and more new  
I'th world, than I ? This Devill Plenty thrusts  
Strange boldness upon Men ! well, you may laugh  
With so much violence, till it consume  
Your breath ! Though full in Want, the Enemy  
Of Wit, have sunk her low ; if pregnant Wine  
Can raise her up, this day she shall be mine. *Exit.*

# ACT. 2. SCEN. 1.

*Enter the Lady Ample, Engine, Ginet.*

*(Engine ?)*  
*Ampl.* My Guardian hors'd ? this evening say'st thou  
*Engin.* It's an hour (Madam) since he smelt the  
Town.

*Ampl.* Saw'st thou his slender empty leg in th'Stirrop?  
His Iv'ry Box on his smooth Ebon staffe  
New civitted, and tyed to's gouty wrist ?  
With his warp'd face close-button'd in his Hood,  
That Men may take him for a Monk disguis'd,  
And fled post from a Pursevant ! *(cunning)*

*Engin.* (Madam) beware I pray, lest th'Age and  
He is Master of, prepare you a Revenge,  
And such as your fine wit shall ne're intreat  
Your patience to digest. To morrow night  
Th'extremest Minute of your Wardship is  
Expir'd, and we Magicians of the house  
Believe this hasty Journey he hath tane  
Is to provide a Husband for your sheets !

*Ampl.* And such a one as judgement and nine Eies  
Must needs dislike, that's composition may  
Grow up to his own thrifty wish, *Eng. Madam.*

Your

Your Arrow was well aim'd : I call him Master,  
But I am Servant unto Truth, and You.

*Ampl.* He chuse a Husband, fit to guide, and sway  
My Beauties wealthy Doury, and my heart ?  
He make Election to delight my self :  
What composition strictest Laws will give  
His Guardianship may take from the rich Banke  
My Father left, and not devour my Land.

*Ginet.* Your Ladyship has liv'd six years beneath  
His roof, therefore may guess the colour  
Of his heart, and what his brains do weigh.  
But *Engine* (Madam ) is your humble Creature.

*Ampl.* I have bounty, *Engine* !  
And thou shalt largely taste it, when the next  
Fair Sun is set, for then my Wardship ends — *Knocking*  
That speaks command, or haste: open the door. (*within*)

*Enter Lucy.*

*Lucy* ! weeping my wench ? melting thine Eies,  
As they had trespass'd against light, and thou  
Wouldst give them darkness for a punishment. (what

*Lucy.* Undone ( Madam ) without all hope, but  
Your pitty will vouchsafe to minister !

*Ampl.* Hast thou been struck by infamy ? or com'st  
A Mourner from the Funeral of Love ?

*Lucy,* I am the Mourner, and the Mourn'd : dead to  
My self; but left not rich enough to buy a Grave :  
My cruel Aunt hath banish'd me her Roof.  
Expos'd me to the night, the winds, and what  
The raging Elements on wanderers lay,  
Left naked, as first Infancie or Truth,

*Ginet.* I could nere indure that old moist ey'd Lady !  
Me thought she pray'd too oft.

*Ampl.* A meer receipt  
To make her long winded, which our devout  
Physicians now prescribe to defer death.  
But *Lucy,* can she urge no cause for this

Strange wrath, that you would willingly conceal!

*Lucy.* Suspicions of my Chastity; which heaven  
Must needs resist as false: though she accus'd  
Mee even in dream, where thoughts commit by chance,  
Not Appetite. *Amp.* What ground had her suspect?

*Lucy.* Young *Pallasine* (that woo'd my heart until  
He gather'd Fondness where he planted Love)  
Was faln into such want, as eager blood,  
And Youth could not endure, and keep the Laws  
Inviolat. I to prevent my fear,

Sold all my Jewels and my trifling wealth  
Bestow'd them on him; and she thinks a more  
Unholy consequence attends the gift.

*Amp.* This *Luce*, is such Apollacie in Wit,  
As *Nature* must degrade her self in woman to  
Forgive? shall *Love* put thee to charge? couldst thou  
Permit thy *Lover* to become thy *Pensioner*?

*Engin.* Her sense will now be tickled till it ake!

*Amp.* Thy feature and thy wit, are wealth enough  
To keep thee high in all those vanities  
That wilde ambition, or expensive pride  
Perform in youth: but thou invert st their use  
Thy *Lover* like the foolish *Adamant*,  
The Steele; thou fiercely dost allure, and draw,  
To spend thy vertue, not to get by it.

*Lucy.* This Doctrine, (Madam) is but new to me.

*Amp.* How have I liv'd thinkst thou; e'en by my  
Wits!

My Guardians contribution gave us Gownes:  
But cut from th' curtains of a Carriers bed:  
Jewels wee wore, but such as Potters wives  
Bake in the Furnace for their daughters wrists!  
My womans Smock's so coarse, as they were spun  
O'ch tackling of a Ship. *Ginet.* A Coat of *Male*  
Quilted with Wyre, was soft farsnet to'um.

*Amp.* Our dyet, scarce so much as is prescrib'd

To mortifie: Two Egges of Emmets poach'd,  
A single Bird no bigger than a Bee,  
Made up a Feast. *Ginet.* He had starv'd me, but that  
The Green-sickness took away my stomach!

*Ampl.* Thy disease (*Ginet*) made thee in Love with  
And tho' eatest him up two foot of an old wall! (*Morter*,  
*Engin.* A priviledge my Master onely gave  
Unto her teeth, none else o'th house durst do'r,

*Ampl.* When (*Lucy*) I perceiv'd this straitned life,  
*Nature* (my *Steward*) I did call t'acompt,  
And took from her *Exchequer* so much Wit  
As has maintain'd me since. I led my fine  
Trim bearded Males in a small subtle string  
Of my soft haire: made 'um to offer up,  
And bow, and laugh'd at the Idolatry.

*Ginet.* A Jewell for a kifs, and that half, ravish'd.

*Lucy.* I feel I am inclin'd t'indeavour in  
A Calling (*Madam*) I'd be glad to live!

*Ample.* Know (*Luce*) this is no Hospital for Fools!  
My Bed is yours, but on condition *Luce*,  
That you redeem the Credit of your Sex:  
That you begin to tempt, and when the snare  
Hath caught the Fowle, you plume him till you get  
More feathers then you lost to *Pallatine*.

*Lucy.* I shall not waste my houres in winding Silke,  
Or shealing Pescods with your Ladiship!

*Ampl.* Frost's on my heart! what? give unto a Suitor!  
Know; I would fain behold that silly Monarch,  
(Bearded Man!) that durst wooe me with half  
So impudent a hope! *Eng.* Madam, you are  
Not far from the possession of your wish,  
There is no language heard, no business now  
In town, but what proclaims th' arrival here  
(This morne) of th' elder *Pallatine*, Brother  
To him you nam'd, and with him such an old  
Imperial buskin Knight as the Isle nere saw.

*Ampl.*

*Amp.* What's their design ?

*Eng.* They will immute themselves  
With Diamonds, with all refulgent Stones,  
That merit price : aske 'em who payes ? why Ladies !  
They'l feast with rich Provincial wines, who pays ?  
Ladies. They'l shine in various habit, like  
Eternal Bridegrooms of the day, aske 'em  
Who payes ? Ladies. Lie with those Ladies too,  
And pay 'em but with Issue-Male, that shall  
Inherit nothing but their wit, and doe  
The like to Ladies, when they grow to age.

*Luce.* My eares receiv'd a taste of them before.

*Ampl. Engine,* how shall we see them ? blest me,  
*Engine,*

With thy kind voice. *Eng.* Though Miracles are ceas'd  
This (Madam's) in the power of Thought, and Time.

*Ampl.* I would kiss thee *Engine*, but for an odd  
Nice humour in my lips ; they blister at  
Inferiour breath ! This Ring, and all my hopes  
Are thine ; deare *Engine* now project and live !

*Ginet.* I'de loose my Wedding to behold these Dago-  
nets !

*Ample.* My Guardian's out o' Town ! let us triumph  
Like *Cæsars*, till to morrow night ! thou knowst ;  
I'm then no more o'th Family ! I would  
Like a departing Lamp before I leave  
You in the darke, spread in a glorious blaze !

*Engin.* Madam, command the Keyes, the house, and  
me.

*Amp.* Spoke like the bold *Cophetua's* Son !

Let us contrive within to tempt 'um hither :  
Follow, my *Luce*, restore thy self to Fame ! —

*Ex. Eng. Amp. Gin. Young Pallatine beckens Luce*  
from between the Hangings, as she is going.

*To: Pall.* *Luce ! Luce !*

*Luce.* Death on my Eyes ! how came you hither ?

To: Pallat. I'm, *Luce*, a kind of peremptory Fly,  
Shift houses still to follow the Sun-beams!

I must needs play in the flames of thy beauty!

*Lucy*. Y'have us'd me with a Christian care, have  
you not?

To: Pallat. Come I know all! I' have been at thy  
Aunts house.

And there committed more disorder than  
A storm in a Ship, or a Cannon Bullet  
Shot through a Kitchen among shelves of Pewter.

*Lucy*. This madness is not true I hope!

To: Pall. Yes Faith.

Witness a shower of Malmsey Lees, drop'd from  
Thy Aunts own Urinal, on this new Motion! —

*Lucy*. Why you have seen her then?

To: Pallat. Yes, and she looks like the old Slut of  
*Babylon*

Thou hast read of. I told her she must dye,  
And her beloved Velvet-Hood be sold  
To some Dutch Brewer of *Ratcliffe*, to make  
His *Ten Frowe* slippers.

*Lucy*. Speak low! I am deprived  
By thy rash wine, of all atonement now,  
Unto her after-Legacies or Love!

To: Pallat. My *Luce*! be magnifi'd! I am all plot!  
All Stratagem! My Brother is in Town;  
My Lady *Ample's* Fame hath caught him Girle:  
I'm told he means an instant visit hither.

*Lucy*. What happiness from this?

To: Pallat. As he departs  
From hence, I have laid two Instruments, *Meager*  
And *Pert*. that shall encounter his long eares  
With tales less true than those of *Troy*, they shall  
Endanger him, maugre his active wits,  
And mount thee little *Luce*, that thou mayst reach  
To dandle Fate, to sooth them till they give

Us leave to make, or alter destinies!

*Lucy.* You are too lowd ! whisper your plots within

*Exeunt*

*Enter Engine, Elder Pallatine, Thwack.*

*Engin.* You call, and govern Gentlemen, as if  
Your business were above your haste ; but know  
You where you are ?

*Eld. Pallat.* Sir *Tirant Thrift* dwels here !  
The Lady *Ample* is his Ward : she is  
Within, and we must see her ; No excuses !  
Shee is not old enough to be lock'd up  
To see new *Perukes*, or purge for *Rheume*.

*Thwack.* Tell her, that a young devout Knight,  
made gray

By a charm ( t'avoid temptation in others )

Would speak with her. *Engin.* I shall deliver you both  
These Tygers hunt their prey with a strange Nosthrill  
Come unsent for so aptly to our wish ? — *Exit.*

*Eld. Pallat.* But this Sir *Morglay* will not doe, In  
troth

You break our *Covenants*.

*Thwack.* Why hear me plead !

*Eld. Pallat.* From forty to fourscoure, the writ  
Law

Runs so ; this Lady's in her Nonage yet,  
And you to pres into my company  
Where visitations are decreed mine own,  
Argues a heat that my rebukes must cool.

*Thwa.* What should I do ? wouldst have me keep  
my chamber

And mend *Darke Lanthorns* ; invent steel *Matrocks*,  
Or weigh *Gun-powder*, solitude? leads me  
To nothing less than Treason ; I shall conspire  
To dig, and blow up all rather than sit still.

*Eld. Pallat.* Follow your Taske ! you see how early  
Have found this young *Inheretrix*, goe seek

The aged out; *Bones*, unto *Bones*! Like *Cards*  
 All pack'd, shuffle your selves together till  
 You each dislike the game: *Thwack*. 'Tis the cause I  
 Come for; a wither'd Midwife, or a Nurse  
 Who draws her lips together, like an eye  
 That gives the cautionary wink, are those  
 I would find here; so they be rich, and fat: —

*Enter Ginet.*

*Ginet*. My Lady understands your haste, and she  
 Her self, consults now in affairs of haste,  
 But yet will hastily approach, to see  
 You Gentlemen, and then in haste return: *Exit*.

*Eld. Pal.* What's this the Superfcription of a Packet?

*Thwack*. Now does my blood wamble, you Sucket  
 eater!

*Offers to follow her, Pallatine stays him.*

*Eld. Pal.* These Covenants (Knight) will never be  
 observ'd,

We sue the forfeiture, leave you so poor  
 Till for preferment you become an Eunuch,  
 And sing a Treble, in a Chauntry, Knight.

*Enter Ample, Lucy, Ginet. Elder Pallatine, and*

*Thwack*, address to kiss them, and are  
 thrust back,

*Ample*. Stay Gentlemen, good souls / they have seen  
 (Lucy)

The Country Turtles bill, and think our lips  
 I'th Town, and Court, are worn for the same use.

*Lucy*. Pray how do the Ladies there? poor Villagers  
 They churn still, keep their Dayries, and lay up  
 For imbroidered Mantles against the Heirs birth:

*Ample*. Who is begot i'th Christmas Holydays.

*Eld. Pal.* Yes surely, when the Spirit of Mince-Pie  
 Reigns in the blood. *Ampl.* What? penny Gleeck I  
 hope's

In fashion yet, and the treacherous foot

Not

Not wanting on the Table frame to jogg  
The Husband, lest he lose the Noble that  
Should pay the Grocers man, for Spice and Fruit.

*Lucy.* The good old Butler shares too, with his La-  
die

In the Box, bating for Candles that were burnt  
After the Clock struck ten. *Thwack.* He doth indeed,  
Poor Country Madams th'are in Subjection still,  
The beasts their husbands make 'em sit on three  
Legg'd stools, like homely Daughters of an Hospital,  
To knit socks for their cloven feet.

*Eld. Pallar.* And when these tyrant Husbands too,  
grow old

(As they have still th'impudence to live long)  
Good Ladies they are fain to waste the sweet  
And pleasant seasons of the day in boyling  
Jellies for them, and rowling little Pills  
Of Cambrick Lint to stuff their hollow teeth.

*Lucy.* And then the Evenings (warrant yee) they  
With mother Spectacle the Curat's wife, (spend  
Who does inveigh 'gainst curling and dyde Cheeks,  
Heaves her devout impatient nose at oyle  
Of *Jessamin*, and thinks powder of *Paris* more  
Prophane then the ashes of a Romish Martyr.

*Ample.* And in the days of joy and triumph Sir,  
Which come as seldome to them as new gowns,  
Then humble wretches they doe frisk and dance  
In narrow Parlors, to a single Fiddle,  
That squeakes forth tunes like a departing Pig.

*Lucy.* Whilst the mad Hinds, shake from their feet  
more dirt

Then did the Cedar-Roots, that danc'd to *Orpheus*.

*Ample.* Do they not pour their wine too, from an  
Ewre,

Or small gilt Cruse, like Orange-water kept  
To sprinkle holyday Beards?

*Lucy*

Lucy. And when a Stranger comes, send seven miles post

By Moon-shine, for another pint?

Eld. Pallat. All these indeed, are heavy truths, but what

Do you (th'exemplar Madams of the Town?)

Play away your youth, as our hasty Gamesters

Their light Gold, not with desire to lose it,

But in a fond mistake that it will fit

No other use? *Thwack*. And then reserve your age

As Superstitious Sinners ill got wealth

Perhaps for'th Church, perhaps for Hospitals.

Eld. Pallat. If rich you come to Court, there learn to be

At charge to teach your Paraqueeto's French,

And then allow them their Interpreters,

Left the Sage Fowl should lose their wisdom on

Such Pages of the presence, and the Guard

As have not past the Seas. *Thwack*. But if y'are poor,

Like wanton Monkeys, chain'd from Fruit,

You feed upon the itch of your own Tails.

Lucy. Rose-Vinegar to wash that Russians mouth!

Ampl. They come to live here by their Wits, let them use 'em:

Lucy. They have so few, and those they spend so fast, They will leave none remaining to maintain them.

Eld. Pallat. You shall maintain us; a communitie

The subtle have decreed of late: You shall

Endow us with your Bodies, and your Goods;

Yet use no Manacles call'd dull Matrimony

To oblige affection against wise Nature,

Where it is lost (perhaps) through a disparity

Of years, or justly through distaste of crimes.

Ampl. Most excellent Resolves!

Eld. Pallat. But if you'l needs marry,

Expect not a single *Twiff* for a Joynture;

Nor

Not so much Land as will allow a Grasshopper  
 A Sallad ! *Thwac.* I would no more doubt t'enjoy  
 You two in all variety of wishes,  
 (Wer't hot for certain Covenants that I lately  
 Sign'd to in my drink) than I would fear *Usury*  
 In a small Poet, or a cast *Corporal*. *Ampl.* You would  
 not !

*Thwack.* But look to your old Widdows !  
 There my title's good ; see they be rich too ;  
 Lest I shall leave their *Twins* upon the *Parish*,  
 To whom the Deputy o'th Ward will deny  
 Blew Coats at Easter, Loaves at Funerals,  
 Cause they were Sons of an old Country Wit !

*Ampl.* Why all for Widows Sir, can nothing that  
 Is young affect your mouldy appetite ?

*Thw.* No, in sooth : Damsels at your years are wont  
 To talk too much over their *Marmaled*,  
 They can't fare well, but all the Town must hear't !  
 Their love's so full of prayses, and so loud,  
 A man may with less noise, lye with a Drum.

*Ampl.* Think you so Sir ?

*Thw.* Give me an old Widow that commits Sin  
 With the gravity of a corrupt Judge,  
 Accepts of Benefits i'th dark, and can  
 Conceal them from the light. *Ample takes elder Pal.*  
*apart.*

*Ampl.* Pray Sir allow me but your ear aside :  
 Though this rude *Climish Clough*, presume  
 In his desires more then his strength can justifie,  
 You should have nobler kindness than to think  
 All Ladies relish of an appetite,  
 Bad as the worst your evill chance hath found.  
*Eld. Pal.* All are alike to me : at least, I'll make  
 Them so, with this perswasion, and a short  
 Expende of time.

*Ample.* Then I have cast away

My sight; my eyes have look'd themselves into  
A strong disease, but they shall bleed for it.

Eld. Pal. Troth Lady mine, I find small remedy!

Ample. Why came you hither Sir, she that shall sigh  
Her easie spirits into wind for you,  
Must not have hope, the kindness of your breath  
Will ere recover her.

Lucy. What do I hear? *Hymen* defend!  
But three good corners to your little heart,  
And two already broyling on Loves Altar?  
Does this become her *Ginet*, speak?

*Ginet*. As age and half a smock would become me.

*Thwack*. Th'ast caught her *Pallatine*; insinuate  
Rogue?

*Lucy*. Love him, you must recant, or the small god  
And I shall quarrel when we meet i'th clouds.

*Thwack*. S'light, see how she stands, speak to her.

Eld. Pal. Peace Knight! it is apt cunning that we  
go;

Disdain is like to water pour'd on Ice,  
Quenches the flame a while to raise it higher.

*Lucy*. *Engine* shew them their way. — Enter *Engine*?

*Engine*. It lies here Gentlemen! —

Eld. Pal. There needs small summons, we are gone! but  
d'you hear,

We will receive no Letters, we though sent  
By th incorporeal spy your Dwarf, or *Andry*  
Of the Chamber, that would deliver them

With as much caution, as they were Attachments  
Upon Money newly paid. *Thw*. Nor no message  
From the old Widow your Mother (if you  
Have one) no, no though she fend for me when she  
Is giving up her testy Ghost; and lies  
Half drown'd in Rhume, those floods of Rhume, in  
which

Her Maids do daily dive to seek the Teeth

My

C

She

She cough'd out last — *Exeunt Engine, Eld. Pall. Thw.*

*Lucy.* Lasse! good old Gentleman!

We shall see him shortly in as many Night-caps,  
As would make sick *Mahomet* a Turband  
For the Winter. *Amp.* Are they gone *Luce*?

*Lucy.* Not like the hours, for they'll return agen  
Ere long; O you carry'd your false love rarely!

*Amp.* How impudent these Country fellows are?

*Lucy.* He thinks y'are caught; he has you between's  
teeth,

And intends you for the very next bit

He means to swallow. *Amp.* *Luce*, I have a thousand  
thoughts

More then a Kerchief can keep in: Quick Girl!

Let us consult, and thou shalt find what silly Snipes

These witty Gentlemen shall prove, and in  
Their own confession too, or i'll cry Flownders else,  
And walk with my Petticoat tuck'd up like

A long maid of *Almainery*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Yo. Pallatine, Meager, Pert; the two last  
being new cloath'd.*

*Yo. Pall.* Don *Meager*, and Don *Pert*, you neither  
found

These imbroidered skins in your mothers womb:  
Surely Natures Wardrobe is not thus lac'd!

*Pert.* We flourish *Pall*, by th' Charter of thy smiles,  
A little magnify'd, with shew and thought

Of our new plot. *Meag.* The chamber's bravely hung

*Pert.* To thy own wish, a Bed and Canopy  
Prepar'd all from our numbred pence; if it  
Should fail, *Meager*, and I must creep into  
Our quondam rags, a transmigration *Pall*,  
Which our Divinity can ill indure.

*Meag.* If I have more left to maintain a large sto-  
mach,

And a long Bladder, than one comely Shilling,

Together

*The Wits.*

Together with a single ounce of hope,  
I am the Son of a Carr-man. *Yo: Pallar.* Do you suspect  
my promises,

That am your Mint, your grand Exchequer?

*Pert. Pall.* No suspicions *Pall*, but we that imbarck  
Our whole stock in one Vessel, would be glad  
To have all Pyrats o'shore, and the winds  
In a calm humour! *Meag.* How fares th' intelligence?

*Yo. Pal.* I left 'um at the Lady *Amplex* house  
This street they needs must pass, if they reach home.

*Pert.* O, I would fain project 'gainst the old Knight,  
Can we not share him too? *Yo: Pall.* This wheel must  
move

Alone, Sir *Morglay Thwack's* too rugged yet,  
Hee'l interrupt the course, a little more  
O'th File, will smoothe him fit to be screw'd up;

*Pert.* Shrink off *Pall*, I hear 'em!

*Enter Thwack, Elder Pallatine.*

*Eld. Pal.* Th'hast not the art of patient leisure to  
Attend the aptitude of things; wouldst thou  
Run on like a rude Bull, on every object that  
Doth heat the blood? this cunning abstinence  
Will make her passions grow more violent.

*Thwack.* But *Pallatine*, I do not find I have  
The cruelty, or grace, to let a Lady  
Starve for a warm morsel—*Pert and Meager take this*  
*Yo. Pal.* Now my fine *Pert!* *Elder Pallatine aside.*

*Pert.* Sir, we have business for your Ear; it may  
Concern you much, therefore 'tis fit it be  
Particular. *El. Pal.* From whom!

*Meag.* A young Lady, Sir;  
'Tis a secret will exact much care  
And wisdom i'th delivery; you should  
Dismiss that Gentleman; *El. Pal.* A young Lady;  
good!

All the best Stars i'th Firmament are mine!

Our Coach attends us Knight i'th bottom of  
The hither street, you must go home alone.

*Thwack.* Ile sooner kill a Serjeant, chuse my Jury  
In the City, and be hangd for a Tavern Bush!

*Eld. Pal.* Wilt ruine all our destinies hath built?

*Thw.* Come, what are those fly silk-worms there that  
creep

So close into their wooll, as they would spin  
For none but their dear selves: I heard 'em name a  
Ladie!

*Elder Pal.* You heard them say then, she was young,  
and what

Our Covenants are, remember! *Thw.* Young, how  
young?

She left her Wormseed, and her Corall whistle  
But a Moneth since: do they mean so?

*Elder Pal.* *Morglay*, our Covenants is all I ask!

*Thw.* May be she hath a mind to me, for there's  
A reverend humor in the blood, which thou  
Nere knewst; perhaps she would have Boys begot  
Should be deliver'd with long Beards, till thou  
Arrive at my full growth, thou'lt yield the world  
Nought above Dwarf, or Page.

*Elder Pal.* Our Covenants still, I cry:

*Thwack.* Faith, I le stride my Mule to morrow, and  
away

To'th homely Village in the North! *Eld. Pal.* Why so?

*Thwack.* Alas, these silly Covenants (you know)  
I seal'd to in my drink, and certain fears  
Lurk in a remote corner of my head,  
That say the game will all be yours.

*Eld. Pal.* But what success canst thou expect since  
w have

Not yet enjoy'd the City a full day?

*Thw.* I say, let me have Woman! Be she young  
Or old, *Grandam* or *Babe*, I must have Woman!

*Eld. Pal.* Carry but thy patience like a Gentleman,  
And let me singly mannage this adventure,  
It will too morrow cancel our old deeds,  
And leave thee to subscribe to what thy free  
Pleasure shall direct. *Thw.* Wee'l equally enjoy  
Virgin, Wife, and Widow, the younger Kerchief with  
The aged Hood. *Eld. Pal.* What I have said, if I had  
leisure now

Ide ratifie with oaths of thy own chusing.

*Thw.* Go! propagate! fill the shops with thy notch'd  
Issue, that when our Money's spent, we may  
Be trusted, break, and cozen in our own Tribe.

*El. Pal.* Leave me to fortune! *Thw.* D'you hear, *Pal-*  
*latine.*

Perhaps this young Lady has a Mother!—

*Eld. Pallat.* No more, good night!—*Exit. Thwack!*  
I have obey'd you Gentlemen, no Ears  
Are neer us, but our own, What's your affair?

*Meag.* Wee'l lead you to the Ladies Mansion, Sir,  
'Tis hard by. *Eld. Pal.* Hard by!

*Pert.* So neer, that if your Lungs be good,  
You may spit thither: that is the house!

*Eld. Pal.* These appear Gentlemen,  
And of some rank: I will in! *Exeunt. El. Pal. Meager,*  
*Pert.*

*Yo. Pal.* So so! the hook has caught him by the Gills;  
And it is fastned to a line will hold  
You Sir, though your wits were stronger then your  
purse!

Sir *Morglay Thwack's* gone home, his lodging I  
Have learn'd, and there are certain Gins prepar'd  
In which his wary feet may chance to be  
Insnar'd; though he could wear his Eyes upon his  
Toes!

I must follow the game close! He is enter'd,  
And ere this amaz'd at the strange complexion.

Of the house, but, 'twas the best our friendship  
And our treasure could procure. *Exit.*

*Eld. Pallatine, Meager, Pert, with Lights.*

*Eld. Pal.* Gentlemen (if you please) lead me no further !

I have so little faith to beleieve this,  
The Mansion of a Lady, that I think  
'Tis rather the decays of hell ; a sad  
Retirement for the Fiend, to sleep in when  
Hee's sick with drinking Sulphure.

*Pert.* Sir you shall see this upper room is hung !

*El. Pal.* With Cobwebs Sir, and those so large they  
may

Catch and ensnare Dragons instead of Flies,  
Where sit a melancholly race of old  
Norman Spiders, that came in with Conquerour.

*Meag.* This chamber will refresh your eyes when you  
Have cause to enter it.— *Leads him to look in 'tween the  
hangings.*

*El. Pallat.* A Bed, and Canopy !

Ther's shew of entertainment there indeed ;  
There Lovers may have place to celebrate  
Their warm wishes, and not take cold : but Gentlemen,  
How comes the rest of this blind house so nak'd,  
So ruinous and deform'd ? *Pert.* Pray Sir sit down :  
If you have seen ought strange, or fit for wonder,  
It but declares the hasty shifts, to which  
The poor distressed Lady is expos'd,  
In pursuit of your love. Shee hath good fame,  
Great dignity and wealth ; and would be loth  
To cheapen these by making her dull family  
Bold witnesses of her desires with you :  
Therefore, t'avoid suspicion, to this place,  
Sh'ath sent part of her neglected Wardrobe.

*Meag.* And will ere time grows older by an hour,  
Guild all this homely furniture at charge  
Of her own Eyes ; her beams can do it Sir ! *Eld.*

*Eld. Pallat.* My manners will not suffer me to doubt :

*Pert.* We hope so too : besides, though every one  
That hath a heart of's own, may think his pleasure ;  
We should be loth, your thoughts should throw mi-  
stakes

On us, that are the humble Ministers  
Of your kind stars : for sure, though we look not  
Like men that make Plantation on some Isle  
That's uninhabited ; yet you believe  
We would teach Sexes mingle to increase men !

*Meag.* Squires of the Placket, we know you think us.

*Eld. Pall.* Excuse my courage Gentlemen ! good faith  
I am not bold enough to think you so.

*Pert.* Nor will you yet be woo'd to such mistake ?

*Eld. Pal.* Not all the Art, nor Flattery you have  
Can render you to my belief worse than  
My self : Panders, and Bawds, good Gentlemen  
I shall be angry, if you perswade me to  
So vile a thought ! *Pert.* Sir you have cause !  
And in good faith, if you should think us such,  
We would make bold to cut that slender throat.

*Eld. Pal.* How Sir ?

*Pert.* That very throat, through which the lusty Grape,  
And sav'ry Morsel in the Gamesters dish,  
Steal down so leasurely, with Kingly gust !

*Meag.* Sir, it should open wide, as th'widest Oyster  
I'th Venetian Lake ! *El. Pal.* Gentlemen, it should !

It is a threat I can so little hide

In such a cause, that I would whet your Razor for't

On my own shoo. *Pert.* Enough ! you shall know all ?

This Lady hath a Noble mind ; but 'tis

So much o'remastred by her blood, we fear

Nothing but death, or you can be her remedy !

*Eld. Pal.* And is she young ?

*Meag.* O ! as the April Bud !

*El. Pal.* 'Twere pittty faith, she should be cast away.

*Pert.* You have a soft, and blessed heart; and to prevent so sad a period of her sweet breath; Our selves, this house, the habit of this room, The Bed within, and your fair person we Have all assembled in a trice. *Eld. Pal.* Sure Gentlemen, In my opinion more could not be done, Were she *Inberetrix* of all the East!

*Pert.* But Sir, the excellence of your pure fame, Hath given us boldness to make sute, that if You can reclaim her appetite with chaste And wholsome Homilies, such Counsel as Befits your known Morality, you will Be pleas'd to save her life, and not undoe her honour? *Meag.* We hope you will afford her Medicine by Your meek and holy Lectures, rather than From any manly exercise, for such Introth Sir, you appear to our weak fight!

*Eld. Pal.* Brothers, and Friends, a stile more distant now Cannot be given: though you were in compass Thick, as the Aspes, I must embrace you both—Y have hit the very Center, unto which The toils and comforts of my studies tend.

*Pert.* Alas, we drew our Arrow but by aim!

*Eld. Pal.* Why Gentlemen I have converted more Than ever Gold or Aretine mislead; I've Disciples of all degrees in Nature From your little Punk in Purple, to your Tall Canvas Girl; from your Sattin Slipper To your Iron Pattin, and your Norway Shooe!

*Pert.* And can you mollifie the mother Sir, In a strong fit. *Eld. Pal.* Sure Gentlemen I can. If Books penn'd with a clean and wholsome spirit, Have any might to edifie; would they Were here. *Meag.* What Sir?

*Eld. Pal.* A small Library. Which I am wont to make companion to

My

My idle hours : where some ( I take it ) are  
A little consonant unto this Theame.

*Pert.* Have they not names?

*Eld. Pall.* A Pill to purge phlybotomy ! a Balsamum  
For the spiritual back ! a Lozenge against lust :  
With divers other Sir, which though not penn'd  
By dull Platonick Greeks, or Memphian Priests,  
Yet have the blessed marke of separation  
Of Authors silenc'd, for wearing short hair.

*Pert.* But Sir, if this chaste meanes cannot restore  
Her to her health and quiet peace ; I hope  
You will vouchsafe your Lodging in yon Bed,  
And take a little pains—— *Points to the Bed within.*

*Eld. Pall.* Faith Gentlemen, I was  
Not bred on Scythian Rocks ; Tygers and Wolves  
I've heard of, but nere suck'd their milk, and sure  
Much would be done to save a Ladies longing!

*Meag.* Tis late Sir, pray uncase !——

*They help to uncloath him.*

*Pert.* Your Boot, believ't, it is my exercise ! ——

*Eld. Pall.* Well ; tis your turn to labour now, and  
mine

non, for your dear sakes Gentlemen, I profess ——

*Pert.* My friend shall wait upon you to your sheets,  
Whilst I goe and conduct the Lady hither :

Whom if your holy doctrine cannot well  
reclaim, pray hazard not her life ; you have  
body Sir ! *Eld. Pall.* O ! think me not cruell !

*Ex. Meag. Eld. Pal.*

*Enter Yo: Pallatine.*

*Pert. Pall.* come in *Pall!* *Yo: Pall.* Is he in Bed?

*Pert.* Not yet,

stripping in more haste, than an old snake  
at hopes for a new skin !

*Yo: Pall.* If we could laugh

our Coffin *Pert.* this would be a jest!

*Long*

Longafter death: hee is so eager in  
His witty hopes, that he suspects nothing.

*Pert.* O all he swallows Sir is melting Conserve,  
And soft *Indian Plum*! *Meager* what news?

*Enter Meager*

*Meag.* Layd! gently layd! he is all Virgin sure,  
From the crown of's Head, to his very Navel!

*To: Pall.* Where are his Breeches? speak! his Hat-  
band too!

Tis of grand price, the stones are Rosiall, and  
Of the white Rock! *Meag.* I hung'm purposely  
Aside, th'are all within my reach: shall I in?

*To: Pall.* Soft! softly my false fiend! remember  
Rogue;

You tread on Glasses, Egges, and gowty Toes! —

*Meager takes out his Hat and Breeches, the Pocket  
and Hatband rifled, they throw'm in again.*

*Meag.* Hold *Pall*! th'Exchequer is thine own! —  
will

Divide, when thou art gracions and well pleas'd!

*To: Pall.* All Gold! the Stalls of *Lombard-street*  
powr'd into a purse.

*Pert.* These deare *Pall*, are thy Brothers goodly  
heards!

*To: Pall.* Yes, and his proud Flocks; but you see  
what they

Come to? a little room contains them all

At last; so, so, convey them in again!

Because he is my Elder Brother!

My Mothers Mayden-head, and a Country Wit,  
He shall not be expos'd to bare thighs, and a

Bald Crown! what noyse is that? — *knocking within*

*Pert.* Death! there's old *Snore* (looks at a

The Constable! his wife, a Regiment of Halberds,

And Mistresse *Quease* too, the Landlady

That owns this house.

*Meag.* Belike th'ave heard our friend  
The Bawd, fled hence last night : and now they come  
To ceaze on Mooveables for rent !

*Young Pall.* The Bed within, and th' Hangings that  
we hyr'd,  
To furnish our design, are all condemn'd,  
My brother too ; theyle use him with as thin  
Remorse, as an old Gamester would an Aldermans  
Heire !

*Pert.* No matter, our adventure's paid ! follow  
*Pall !* and 'Ile lead you a back way where you  
Shall climbe ore tiles, like Cats when they make love.

*Young. Pall.* Now I shall laugh at those, that heap up  
wealth  
By lazie method, and slow rules of Thrift ;  
I'm grown the Child of Wit, and can advance  
My self, by being Votary to chance.

*Exeunt :*

ACT. 3. SCEN. 1.

*Enter Snore, Mistress Snore, Queasie, and Watchmen.*

*Mist. Snore.* Dayes o'my breath, I have not seen  
the like !

What would you have my husband doe ? 'tis past  
me by *Boe*, and the Bell-man has gone twice !

*Queasie.* Good Master *Snore*, you are the Constable,  
you may doe it ( as they say ) be it right or wrong !  
Is four years rent, come Childermas Eve next !

*Snore.* You see Neighbour *Queasie* the Doores are  
open ;

there's no goods, no Bawde left ; I'd see the Bawde !

*Mist. Snore.* I or the Whores ; my husband's the  
Kings officer,

and still takes care I warrant yee of Bawds,  
and Whores ! Shew him but a Whore at this time

O

O' night ( Good man) you bring him a bed i' faith !

*Quaeſie.* I pray Miſtreſs *Snore* let him ſearch the  
Parish,

They are not gone far, I muſt have my rent;

I hope there are Whores, and Bawds in the Pariſh !

*Miſt. Snore.* Search now ? it is too late ; a woman  
had

As good marry a Cowleſtaffe as a Conſtable ;

If he muſt nothing but ſearch and ſearch, follow

His Whores, and Bawds all day, and never comfort

His Wife at night : I prethee Lambe let us to Bed !

*Snore.* It muſt be late ; for Goffip *Nock* the Naylor  
man

Has catechys'd his Maids, and ſung three Catches,

And a Song, ere we ſet forth !

*Quaeſie.* Good *Miſt. Snore*, forbear your husband  
but

To night ; and let the ſearch go on !

*Miſt. Snore.* I will not forbear ; you might ha' le  
your houſe

To honeſt Women, not to Bawds ! fie upon you !

*Quaeſie.* Fie upon me ! tis well known I'm the  
mother

Of Children ! Scirvie Fleak ! tis not for nought

You boyle Eggs in your Gruel, and your man *Sampſon* I ta

Owes my Sonne in law, the Surgeon, Ten groats

For Turpentine ; which you have promis'd to pay

Out of his Chriſtmaſſe Box. *Miſt. Snore.* I deſie the

Remember thy firſt calling, thou ſetſt up

With a Peek of Damſens, and a new Sive ;

When thou broakſt at Dowgate corner, 'cauſe the Bo Lik

Flung down thy ware !

*Snore.* Keep the peace, Wife ! keep the peace !

*Miſt. Snore.* I will not peace : ſhe took my ſilver

Thimble

To pawn when I was a Maid ; I paid her

A penny a monech use ! *Queasie*. A Maid ? yes sure ;  
By that token, goody *Tongue* the Midwife,  
Had a dozen Napkins o' your Mothers best  
Diaper, to keep silence ; when she said  
She left you at Saint *Peters* Faire, where you  
Long'd for Pigge !

*Snore*. Neighbour *Queasie*, this was not  
In my time : what my Wife hath done, since I  
Was Constable, and the Kings Officer,  
He answer : therefore ( I say ) keep the peace !  
And when w'have search'd the two back rooms, He to  
bed !

Peace Wife ! not a word !

*Exeunt*

*Enter Eld. Pallatine clothing himself in haste*

*Eld. Pallat.* Tis time to get on wings, and fly !  
Here's a noyse of Thunder, Wolves, Women, Drums,  
All that's confus'd, and frights the eare ! I heard  
Them cry out Bawds ! the sweet young Lady is  
Surpris'd sure, by the nice slave her husband ;  
Or some old frosty Matron of neere kinne ;  
And the good Gentlemen sh' employd to me  
Are tortur'd and call'd Bawds ! if I am tane,  
He swear, I purpos'd her conversion——

*Enter Snore, Mist. Snore, Queasie, and Watchmen.*

*Snore*. Here's a Room hung, and a faire Bed within,  
I take it, there's the hee-Bawd too.

*Queasie*. Ceaze on the lewd thing !

I pray Master *Snore*, ceaze on the goods too !

*Mist. Snore*. Who would not be a Bawd ? th'ave  
propper men

To their husbands ; and she maintains him  
Like any parish-Deputy.

*Eld. Pall.* What are you ?

*Snore*. I am the Constable,

*Eld. Pall.* Good, the Constable ?

I begin to stroke my long ears, and find

I am

I am an Ass! such a dull Ass, as deserves  
Thistles for provender, and sawdust too  
Insteed of Graines! O! am finely gull'd.

*Mist. Snore.* Truly as propper a Bawd, as a woman  
Would desire to use? *Eld. Pall.* Master Constable,  
Though these your Squires o'th Blade and Bill, seem to  
Be courteous Gentlemen, and well laugh, yet  
I would know, why they embrace me? (years rent,

*Snore.* You owe my neighbor (*Mist. Queasie*) four

*Queasie.* Yes and for three Bed Teekes and a Brass  
Which your Wife promis'd me to pay this Terme, (pot;  
For now (she said) sh'expects her country Customers

*Eld. Pall.* My Wife! have I been led to'th Altar too;  
By some doughty Deacon, tane woman by  
The pretty thumb, and giving her a Ring  
With my dear self, for better and for worse  
And all in a forgotten dream? But for whom  
Doe you take me? *Snore.* For the he Bawd.

*Eld. Pall.* Good faith, you may as soon,  
Take me for a Whale, which is something rare  
You know, o'this side the Bridge.

*Mist. Snore.* Tis indeed!

Yet your *Paul* was in the belly of one,  
In my Lord Maiors Shew; and husband you remember,  
He beckned you out of the Fishes mouth,  
And you gave him a Pepin, for the poor soul  
Had like t'have choak'd, for very thirst.

*Eld. Pall.* I saw it, and cry'd out  
O'th City, cause they would not be at charge  
To let the Fish swim in a deeper Sea! (then

*Mist. Snore.* Indeed; why I was but a tiny Girl  
I pray how long have you been a Bawd here?

*Eld. Pall.* Again! how the Devill,  
Am I chang'd, since my own Glasse rendred me  
A Gentleman; well, master Constable,  
Though ev'ry Stall's your Worships wooden Throne,  
Here

Here you are humble, and o'foot; therefore,  
 I will put on my Hatt; pray reach it me! — *misses his.*  
 Death! my hatband! a row of Diamonds *Diamond*  
 Worth a thousand Markes! Nay it is time then *(Hatband*  
 To doubt and tremble too. My Gold! my Gold! *searches*  
 And precious stones! *his Pockets.*

*Mist. Snore.* Doe you suspect my Husband?  
 He hath no need o' your stones, I prayse heaven!

*Eld. Pall.* A plague upon your courteous midnight  
 Good silly Saints, they are dividing now, *(Leaders*  
 And ministring (no doubt) unto the poore!  
 This will decline the reputation of  
 My Witt; till I bethought to have a lesse head  
 Then a Justice o' Peace! If *Morglay* heart,  
 He'll think me dull, as a Dutch Marriner!  
 No med'cine now from thought? Good! 'tis design'd!

*Snor.* Come along! 'tis late.

*Eld. Pall.* Whither must I goe?

*Quaefer.* To the Compter sir, unless my rent be payd!

*Snor.* And for being a Bawde!

*Eld. Pall.* Confin'd in Wainfoot Walls too,  
 Like a licorish Rat, for nibbling  
 Unlawfully upon forbidden Cheese!  
 This to the other sawce, is Alloes and Mirrh!  
 But Master Constable doe you behold this Ring?  
 'Tis worth all the Bells in your Church steeple,  
 Though your Sexton, and Side-men hung there too,  
 To better the Peale. *Snor.* Well what's your request?

*Eld. Pall.* Mary, that you will let me goe to fetch  
 The Bawd, the very Bawd, that owes this rent;  
 Who being brought, you shall restore my Ring;  
 And believe mee to be an arrant Gentleman,  
 Such as in's Scutchion gives Horns, Hounds, and Hawks,  
 Hunting Nags, with tall Eaters in Blew Coats,  
 Sance Number! *Quaefer.* Pray let him goe Master *Snor*;  
*Wce!*

Wee'l stay and keep the goods !

*Mist. Snor.* Yes, let him Husband.

For I would fain see a very hee Bawd !

*Snor.* Come Neighbours, light him out ! *Exeunt.*

*Enter To: Pall, Amp. Pert, Luce, Ginet, Engine,*  
*with lights.*

*Amp.* A Forrest full of Palms; thy Lover ( *Luce* )  
Merits in Girlands for his victory.

I'm wild with joy ! why there was wit enough

In this design to bring a Ship o' fools

To shore agen, and make them all good Pilots !

*To: Pallat.* Madam, this Gentleman deserves to share

In your kind praise, he was a merry Agent

In the whole plot, and would exalt himself

To your Ladiships service : If you please

For my humble sake, unto your Lip too ! — *Pert salutes*

*Amp.* Sir you are friend to *Pallatine*, *her*

And that entitles you unto much worth.

*Pert.* The title will be better'd ( Madam ) when  
I am become a Servant to your beauty.

*Lucy.* Why your confederate *Pert*, is courtly too ;

Hee will out-tongue a Favourite of *France* !

But didst thou leave thy Brother sursetting

On lewd hopes ? *To: Pall.* He believes all woman kind  
Dress'd and ordain'd for th'mercy of his Tooth !

*Amp.* And now lies stretch'd in his smooth slipperie  
sheets !

*To: Pall.* O like, a wanton Snake on Camomile !

And risted to so sad remains of wealth,

That if his resolution still disdain

Suppliment from his Lands, and he resolve

To live here by his Wits, he will ere long

Betroth himself to Raddish women for

Their roots, pledge Children in their sucking Bottles,

And in dark winter-Mornings, rob small School-boys

Of their Honey, and their Bread !

*Pert*

*Pert.* Faith, *Meager* and I, u'sd him with as much Remorse, as our occasions could allow :  
Lafs, he must think we shreds of time  
Have our occasions too !

*Yo. Pal.* What ( *Madam* ) need he care ?  
For, let him but prove kind unto his Bulls,  
Bring them their Heifers when their Crests are high ;  
Stroak his fair Ewes, and pimp a little for  
His Rams, they strait will multiply ; and then  
The next great Fair, prepares him fit agen,  
For th' Cities view, and our surprize.

*Ampl.* Why this young Gentleman hath relish in't  
Yet when you understand the dark, and deep  
Contrivements, which my self, *Engine*, and *Luce* ;  
Have laid for this great witty Villager,  
To whom you bow as formost of your blood ;  
You will degrade your selves from all prerogatives,  
Above our Sex, and all those pretty Marks  
Of Manhood ( your trim beards ) findg off with Tapers,  
As a just Sacrifice to our Supremacy.

*Luce.* If Sir *Tirant Thrift*, your Phlegmatick Guer-  
Leave but this Mansion ours till the next Sun, ( *dian* )  
Wee'l make your haughty brother tremble at  
The name of Woman, and blush behinde a Fan  
Like a yawning Bride, that hath foul Teeth !

*Engine.* *Madam*, 'tis time you were a Bed ; for sure be-  
The earnest invitation which I left ( *sides* )  
Writin his Chamber, these afflictions will  
Disturb his rest, and bring him early hither  
To recover his sick hopes. — *Enter Meager.*

*To: Pal. Meager !* What news ? *Madam*, the homage  
Your Lip agen ; A man o' War believ't ; ( *of* )  
One that hath fasted in the face of's foe ;  
Seen *Spinola* entrench'd ; sometimes hath spread  
His Butter at the State's charge ; sometimes too ;  
Fed on a Sallad that hath grown upon

The Enemies own Land ; but, pardon me,  
Without or Oyl, or Vinegar !

*Ample.* Sir, Men in choler may do any thing.

*Meager.* Your Ladiship will excuse his new plenty,  
It hath made him pleasant.

*Yo. Pall.* *Meag.* What news? how do our Spies prosper?

*Meager.* Sir, rare discoveries ! I've trac'd your Brother ;

You shall hear more anon :

*Ginet.* Your Ladiship forgets how early your  
Designs will waken you ? *Engine.* Madam, I'de fain be  
Bold too, to hasten you unto your rest :

*Amp.* 'Tis late (indeed) the silence of the Night  
And sleep be with you Gentlemen ! *Exeunt, Ample, Ginet, Engine.*

*Yo. Pal.* Madam, good night, but our heads never were  
Ordain'd to so much trivial leasure as

To sleep ; you may as soon entreat

A Sexton sleep in's Bellfry when the Plague reigns ;

An aged Sinner in a Tempest, or

A jealous Statef-man when his Prince is dying.

*Luce.* Pray dismiss your friends, I would speak with  
you.

*Yo. Pal.* Men o'the puissant Pike follow the lights.

*Exeunt Meager, Per*

*Luce.* *Pall.* You are as good natur'd to me *Pall,*

As the wife of a silenc'd Minister,

Is to a Monarchy, or to lewd Gallants,

That have lost a Nose ! *Yo. Pall:* And why so, *Dan*

*Luce ?*

*Luce.* So many yellow Images at once  
Assembled in your fist, and Jewels too  
Of goodly price, all this free booty got,  
In lawful war, and I no tribute *Pall ?*

*Yo. Pal.* What need it, *Luce ?* a Virgin may live cheap  
Th're maintain'd with as small charge as a Wren  
With Magots in a Cheesmongers Shop?

*Luce.* Well *Pall*, and yet you know all my extreams?  
How for a little Taffata to line  
A Mask, I'm fain to mollifie my Mercer  
With a soft whisper, and a tim'rous blush;  
To sigh unto my Millener for Gloves;  
That they may trust, and not complain unto my Aunt;  
Who is as jealous of me as their wives, and all  
Through your demeanour *Pall*; whose kindness I  
Perceive, will raise me to such dignitie,  
That I must teach Children in a dark Cellar,  
Or work Coifs in a Garret for crackt Groats,  
And broken meat! *Yo. Pal. Luce*, I will give thee *Luce*,  
to buy *Luce.* What *Pal*?

*Yo. Pal.* An ounce of Arsnick to mix in thy Aunts Cat-  
This Aunt, I must see cold, and grinning, *Luce*, (delt,  
Seal'd to her last winke, as if she clos'd her eyes  
T'avoid the sight of Feathers, Coaches, and short

*Luce.* How many Angels of your Family (Cloaks;  
Are there in heaven? but few I fear, and how,  
You'l be the first, that shall intitle them  
To such high calling, is to me a doubt!

*Yo. Pal.* Why is there never a Pue there (*Luce*) but for  
Your coughing Aunt, and you?

*Luce.* Hadst thou eyes like flaming Beacons, crook'd  
A tail three yards long, and thy feet cloven, (horns,  
Thou couldst not be more a Fiend, then thou art now;  
But to advance thy fins with being hard,  
And costive unto me!

*To. Pal.* You lie *Luce*, you lie! — Flings her a Purse,  
Ther's Gold! the Fairies are thy Mintmen Girl,  
Of this thou shalt have store enough, to make  
The hungry Academicks mention thee,  
In Evening Lectures, with applause, and prayer:  
Foundress thou shalt be. *Luce.* Of Hospitals;  
For your decayed self, *Meager*, and *Pert*,  
Those wealthy Usurers, your poor friends;

*Yo. Pal.* A Nunn'ry *Luce*, where all the female Issue  
Of our decay'd Nobility shall live  
Thy Pensioners: it will preserve them from  
Such want, as makes them quarter Arms with th' City,  
And match with saucie Haberdashers Sons,  
Whose Fathers liv'd in Allies, and dark Lanes!

*Luce.* Good night *Pall.* your gold Ile lay up, though  
T' encounter the next Surgeons Bill; yet know (but  
Our Wits are ploughing too, and in a ground  
That yields as fair a grain as this!

*Yo. Pal.* Farewel, and let me hear thy Aunt is stuck  
With more Bay-leaves and Rosemary, than a  
Westphalia Gammon. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Eld. Pallatine, and Thwack dressing himself.*

*Eld. Pal.* Quick, dispatch Knight! thou art as tedious in

Thy dressing, as a Court Bride; two Ships might  
Be rigg'd for the Straits, in less space than thou  
Carreen'st that same old Hulk; can it be thought  
That one so fill'd with hope and wise designs  
Could be subdu'd with sleep, what dull, and drowsie?  
Keep earlier hours than a roost Hen in Winter?

*Thwack.* *Pallatine*, the design grew all Dream, Malignick,

And Alchymie to me: I gave it lost!  
Clove to my soft Pillow, like a warm Justice,  
And slept there with less noise than a dead Lawyer  
In a Monument.

*Eld. Pal.* This is the house; dispatch, that I may knock.

*Thwack.* S'light stay, thou think'st I've the dexterity  
Of a Spaniel, that with a yawn, a scratch  
On his left ear, and stretching his hind-legs,  
Is ready for all day: O for the Biscayn sleeve,  
And Bulloign hose, I wore when I was shrieve,  
In eighty eight! *Eld. Pal.* Faith thou art comly Knight  
And I already see the Town Girles melt,

And thaw before thee, *Thwack*, We must be content!  
 Thou know'st all men are bound to wear their limbs  
 I'th same skin that Nature bestows upon them;  
 Be it rough, or be it smooth; for my part,  
 If she to whom you lead me now like not  
 The grain of mine, I will not flea my self,  
 Thumor the touch of her Ladiships fingers!

*Eld. Pal.* Well, I had thought t have carried it with  
 Youth,

But when I came to greet her beauties with  
 The eyes of love and wonder, she despis'd me,  
 Rebuk'd those haughty Squires, her Servants that  
 Conveid me thither in mistake, and cry'd,  
 She meant the more Authentick Gentleman,  
 The rev'rend Mounsier, shee! *Thwack*, The revrend  
 Mounsier?

Why, does she take me for a *French Dean*?

*Eld. Pal.* Her Confessor at least, her secrets are  
 Thine own; but by what charms attain'd,  
 Let him determine that has read *Agrippa*.

*Thw.* Charms? yes Sir, if this be a Charm—or this—  
 Or here again t'advance th' activity (*leaps and frisks*).

Of a poor old back! *Eld. Pal.* No Ape, Sir *Morglay*,

After a years obedience to the Whip,

Is better quallify'd! *Thw.* Limber, and sound Sir!

Besides, I sing, little *Musgrove*, and then

for the *Chevie Chase* no Lark comes neer me:

If she be t'ane with these, why at her peril bee't.

*Eld. Pall.* Come Sir, dispatch! He knock, for here's

the house.

*Thwack*, Stay, stay, this Lane (sure) has no great re-

he house too, if the Moon reveal't aright, (nawn!

lay for its small Magnificence be left

For ought we know) out of the Citie-Map.

*Eld. Pall.* Therein consists the Miracle, and when

the doors shall ope, and thou behold, how lean

And

And ragged ev'ry room appears, till thou  
Hast reach'd the Sphere, where she (Illustrious) moves;  
Thy wonder will be more perplex'd; for know  
This Mansion is not hers, but a conceal'd  
Retirement, which her wisdom safely chose  
To hide her loose love.

*Thwack*, Give me a Baggage that has brains! but *Pal*—  
Did not I at first perswade thee, those two (*latine*,  
Trim Gentlemen, her Squires might happily  
Mistake the person unto whom the message was  
Dispos'd; and that my self was he?

*El. Pal.* Thou didst! and thou hast got (Knight) by  
this hand

I think, the *Moguls Niece*; she cannot be  
Of less descent, the height and strangeness of  
Her port, denote her forreign, and of great blood.

*Thwack*, What should the *Moguls Niece* do here?

*Eld. Pal.* 'Las thy Ears are buried in a Wool-sack?  
Thou hear'st no News! 'tis all the voice in Court,  
That she is sent hither in disguise, to learn  
To play on the *Gitarh*, and make Almond Butter!  
But whether this great Lady that I bring  
Thee to, be shee; is yet not quite confirm'd!

*Thwack*, Thou talk'st o th high, and strange com-  
portment that—

Thou found'st her in!

*Eld. Pal.* Right Sir! she sat on a rich Persian Quilt,  
Thridding a Carcanet, of pure round Pearl,  
Bigger then Pigeons Eggs; *Thwack*, Those I will sell

*Eld. Pall.* Her maids with little rods of Rosemarie,  
And stalks of Lavander, were brushing Ermines skins;

*Thw.* Furs for the Winter, Ile line my Breeches with  
them!

*Eld. Pal.* Her young smooth Pages lay, round at her  
feet;

Cloath'd like the Sophies Sons; and all at Dice;  
The Caster six Wedges a Cubit long

Cries one, another comes a Tun of Pistolets  
And then is cover'd with an Argosie,  
Laden with *Indico*, and *Cutchymill*!

*Thwack* This must be the great *Moguls Neece*!

*Eld. Pal.* As for her Grooms, they all were planted  
Their knees, carowing their great Ladie's health (on  
In perfum'd Wines, and then straight quallify'd  
Their wild, voluptuous heats with cool Cerbet,  
The *Turks* own Julip? *Thw.* Knock, *Pallatine*!  
Quick Rogue! I cannot hold; little thought I  
The *Thwack's* of the North, should inoculate  
With the *Mogul's* of the South! — *Pallatine* knocks.

*Enter Snore.*

*Eld. Pal.* Speak softly Master Constable, I've brought  
The very he Bawd! *Snore.* Blessing on your heart, Sir:  
My Warch are above at *Trea Trip*, for a  
Black Pudding, and a pound o' *Suffolk* Cheese;  
They'l ha-done straight: Pray fetch him to me,  
Ile call them down, and lead him to a by-room.

*Thw.* *Pallatine*, what's he? *Eld. Pal.* The Ladie's steward  
A sage Philosopher, and a grave Pandar! (Sir,  
One that hath writ bawdy Sonnets in *Hebrew*,  
And those so well, that if the *Rabbins* were  
Alive, 'tis thought he would corrupt their Wives.  
Follow me Knight: — *Thw.* *Pallatine*,  
Half the large Treasure that I get, is yours.

*Eld. Pal.* Good faith (my friend) when you are once  
possess'd

Of all, 'tis as your Conscience will vouchsafe.

*Thwack.* Do'st thou suspect? Ile stay here till thou  
A Bible, and a Cushion, and swear kneeling. (fetch,

*Eld. Pal.* My faith shall rather cozen me, walk in  
With this Philosopher — No words: for hee's  
A Pythagorean, and professes silence.

My Ring Master Constable — *Snore* gives him his  
(Ring, then Exit with *Thwack*,

Here yet my Reputation's safe! should he  
 Have heard of my mischance, and not accompany'd  
 With this defeat upon himself, his Mirth  
 And Tyranny had been 'bove humane sufferance!  
 Now for the Lady *Ample*, she (I guesse)  
 Looks on me with strong fervent Eyes; shee's rich;  
 And could I work her into profit, 'twould  
 Procure my Wit, immortall memory;  
 But to be gull'd? and by such Trifles too;  
 Dull, humble Gentlemen that ne're drunk Wine,  
 But on some Coronation day, when each  
 Conduit pisses Claret at the Town charge!  
 Well, though 'tis worse than Steel or Marble to  
 Digest, yet I have learn'd, one stop in a  
 Career, taints not a Rider with disgrace;  
 But may procure him breath to win the race. *Exit.*

## ACT 4. SCEN. I.

*Enter Yo: Pallatine, Engine. Meager, Pert, Pallatine richly cloath'd.*

*Engin.* Your Brother's in the house, the Letter which  
 I sent to tempt him hither wrought above  
 The reach of our desires; My Lady Sir,  
 He does beleeve, is sick to death; and all  
 In languishment for his dear love.

*Yo: Pall. Pert,* and *Meager*, though you have both  
 good faces,

They must not be seen; there is below,  
 A Brother o'mine; whom (I take it) you  
 Have us'd not over tenderly.

*Meag.* S'ligh he must needs remember us!

*Pert.* Wee'l sooner stay t'out-face a Basilisk!  
 Whither shall we go?

*Yo: Pal.* To *Snore* the Constable: *Morglay* is still  
 A Pris'ner in his house; take order for's

*Release,*

Release, as I projected, but (d'you heare)  
Hee must not free him till I come.

*Pert. Pall.* will the dull Ruler of the night (*Pall*)  
Obay thy Edict!

*To: Pall:* His wife will, and she's his Constable!  
Name mee but to her, and she does homage!

*Meag.* Enough, wee will attend thee there!

*Engin.* This way Gentlemen. *Exeunt Engine,*  
(*Pert, Meager.*

*Enter Elder Pallatine.*

*Eld: Pal* What's this, an apparition, a Ghost im-  
broider'd?

Sure he has got the Devill for his Taylor.

*To: Pal.* Good morrow Brother, Morrow!

*Eld. Pal.* You are in glory sir, I like this flourishing!  
The Lilly too, looks handsome for a Month;  
But you (I hope) will last out the whole year!

*To: Pall.* What flourishing! O Sir, belike you mean  
My Cloathes; th'are Raggs, coarse homely Raggs,  
beleev't;

Yet they will serve for th' Winter sir, when I  
Ride post in *Sussex* ways!——

*Eld Pal.* This gayetic denotes  
Some solitary treasure in the Pocket,  
And so you may become a lender too;  
You know, I'm far from home!

*To: Pal.* I'll lend nothing, but good Counsell, and:  
Wit,

*Eld. Pal.* Why sure, you have no Factors sir, in *Delph*  
*Lyghorne, Aleppo,* or th' *Venetian Isles,*

That by their Traffique can advance you thus;  
Nor doe you trade i'th City by retaile

In our small Wares: All that you get by Law,  
Is but a doleful Execution

After Arrest; and for your power in Court;  
Know your stockings being on, you are

Ad:

Admitted in the Presence.

*To: Pal.* What does this inferr Brother?  
Men of design are chary of their Minutes,  
Be quick and subtile!

*Eld. Pal.* The Infrence is  
You prosper by my documents; and what  
You have atchiev'd must be by your good Wits!

*To: Pal.* If you had had a *Sybil* to your Nurse,  
You could not ( Sir ) have aym'd neerer the truth.  
I saw your Ears and Baggs, were shut to all  
Intents of bounty; therefore was inforc'd  
Into this way; and 'twas at first somewhat  
Against my Conscience too!

*Elder Pal.* If not to vex  
The zealous spirit in you, I would know why?

*To: Pal.* Good faith I've search'd Records, and  
cannot find

That *Magna Charta* does allow a Subject  
To live by his Wits: there is no Statute for't!

*Eld. Pal.* Your Common Lawyer was no Antiquary.

*To: Pal.* And then ( credit me Sir ) the Canons of  
The Church authorize no such thing:

*Eld. Pal.* You have met with a dull Civilian too!

*To: Pal.* Yet Brother, these impediments cannot  
Choke up my way; I must still on! ( heire

*Eld. Pal.* And you believe the Stories of young  
Enforc'd to sign at Mid-night to appease  
The Sword Mans wrath, may be out-done by you!

*To: Pal.* I were unkind else, to my own good parts!

*Eld. Pal.* And that your Wit has power to temp  
from the

Severe, grave Bench, the Aldermen themselves,  
To rifle where you please; for Skarfs, Feathers,  
And for Race-Nags:

*To: Pal.* It is believ'd Sir, in a trice!

*Eld. Pal.* And that your wit can lead our rev'ren  
Matrons,

And testy Widows of fourscoure, to seale  
And in their smocks ) for fraile commodities  
to elevate your Punke ?

*To: Pal.* All this Sir, is so easie,  
My Faith would swallow't, thought had a sore throat !

*Eld. Pal.* Give me thy hand ! This day Ile cut off  
the entaile

Of all my Lands, and dis-inherit thee !

*To: Pal.* Will you Sir ? I thanke yee !

*Eld. Pal.* But marke me Brother ; for there's Ju-  
stice in't,

Admits of no reproof ; what should you doe  
With Land, that have a Portion in your Brain,  
Above all Legacies or heritage ?

*To: Pal* I conceive you !

*Eld. Pal.* O to live here, i'th fair Metropolis  
Of our great Isle, a free Inheritor  
Of ev'ry modest, or voluptuous wish,  
Thy young desires can breathe ; and not oblig'd  
To'th Plough-mans toyle, or lazie Reapers swet ;  
To make the world thy Farm, and eve'ry Man,  
Lesse witty than thy self, Tenant for life ;  
These are the glories that proclaim a true  
Philosophie, and Soul, in him that climbs  
To reach them with neglect of Fame and Life !

*To: Pal.* He carries it bravely ! As he had felt  
Nothing that fits his own remorse ; but know,  
Sir *Eagle*, th'higher that you flye, the less  
You will appear to us, dimsighted Fowle,  
That flutter here below. Brother farewell !  
They say, the Lady of this house, groans for  
Your love, the tame sick fool is rich ; let not  
Your pride beguile your profit !

*Exit*

*Eld. Pal.* I suspect him ! Not all the skill I have  
In Reason or in Nature can pronounce  
Him free from the defeat upon my Gold,

And

And Jewels! 'twas like a Brother! but for  
His two Confederates; though I should meet  
Them in a Mist, darker than Night or Southern Fens  
Produce, my eies would be so courteous sure,  
To let me know them!

*Enter Ample, carried in as sick in a Couch, Luce,  
Engine, Ginet.*

*Engin.* Room! More ayre! if heav'nly Ministers  
Have leasure to consider or assist  
The best of Ladies, let them shew it now! —

*Luce.* How do you Madam? Oh, I shall lose  
The chief example of internal love  
Of gentle grace, and feature, that the world  
Did ever shew to dignifie our Sex!

*Eng.* Work on! I must stand Sentinel beneath! *Exit.*

*Eld. Pal.* Is her disease grown up to such extremity?  
Then it is time, I seem to suffer too;  
Or else my hopes will prove sicker than shee!

*Luce.* More cruel than the Panther on his prey!  
Why speak you not? no comfort from your Lips  
You Sir that are the cause of this sad hower!

*Gin.* He stands as if his Legs had taken root;  
A very Mandrake!

*Eld. Pal.* How comes it ( Lady ) all these Beauties  
that

But yesterday did seem to teach  
The Spring to flourish and rejoyce, so soon  
Are wither'd from our sight.

*Ampl.* It is in vain, t' inquire the reason of  
That grief, whose remedy is past; had you  
But felt so much remorse, or softness in  
Your heart, as would have made you nobly just,  
And pitiful; the Mourners of this day  
Had wanted then, their Dead to weep upon!

*Eld. Pal.* Am I the cause? forbid it gentle heaven!  
The Virgins of our Land, when this is told,

Will raze the Monumental building, where  
My buried flesh shall dwell, and throw my dust  
Before the sportive wind, till I am blown  
About in parcels less than Eye-sight can  
Discern !

*Luce.* She listens to you sir ?

*Eld. Pal.* If I am guilty of neglect ;  
Give me a taste of dutie, name how far  
I shall submit to love ! the mind hath no  
Disease above recovery, if wee  
Have courage to remove despair !

*Ampl.* O Sir, the pride and scorns, with which you  
first

Did entertain my passions, and regard,  
Have worn my easie heart away ; my breast  
Semptier then mine Eies ; that have distill'd  
Their Balls to Funeral Dew ! It is too late !

*Luce.* *Ginet*, my feares have in them too much  
Prophecie,  
told thee she would nere recover

*Ginet.* For my poor part, I wish no easier Bed  
at night, then the cold grave where she must lie !

*Amp.* *Luce*, *Luce* ! intreat the Gentleman to sit !

*Luce.* Sit neer her, sir ! You hear her voyce grows  
weak !

*Ampl.* That you may see your scorns could not per-  
swade

My love, to thoughts of anger or revenge ;  
The faint remainder of my breath, Ile waste  
In Legacies ; and Sir to you, you shall  
Have all the Laws will suffer me to give !

*Eld. Pal.* Who, I ? sweet Saint, take heed of your  
last Deeds !

Your bounty carries cunning Murder in't ;  
You shall be kill'd with kindness, and depart  
Sleeping, like a fond Infant, whom the Nurse

Would

Would sooth, too early to his bed !

*Luce.* Nay Sir, no remedy, you must have all :  
Though you procur'd her death ; the world shall not  
Report ; she dy'd beholding to you !

*Ginet.* Goe to her Sir, she'd speak with you agen !

*Ampl.* Sir, if mine Eies, in all their health and glory,  
Had not the power to warm you into Love,  
Where are my hopes, now they are dim, and have  
Almost forgot the benefit of light !

*Eld. Pal.* Not love ! Lady ! Queen of my heart !  
what oaths

Or execrations can perswade your faith  
From such a cruel jealousy !

*Amp.* I'd have some testimony Sir ; if but  
T'assure the world, my love and bounty at  
My death, were both conferr'd on one, that shew'd  
So much requital, as declares he was  
Of gentle humane race !

*Eld. Pal.* What shall I doe ?  
Prescribe me dangers now, horrid as those  
Which Mid-night fires beget, in Cities overgrown ;  
Or Winter-storms produce at Sea ; and try  
How far my love will make me venture to  
Augment th'esteem of yours !

*Amp.* That trial of your love which I request  
Implies no danger Sir ; 'tis not in me  
T'urge any thing, but what your own desires  
Would chuse !

*Eld. Pal.* Name it ! like eager Mastiffs, chain'd  
From the encounter of their game, my hot  
Fierce appetite diminisheth my strength !

*Amp.* 'Tis only this : for fear some other should  
Enjoy you when I'm cold in my last sleep ;  
I would intreat you to sit here, grow sick,  
Languish, and dye with mee !

*Eld. Pal.* How ! dye with you ! *Takes Luce aside.*

'Twere

'Twere fit, you hastned her to write down all  
She can bestow, and in some form of Law:  
I fear, shee's mad! her senses are so lost,  
Shee'l never find them to her use agen!

*Luce.* I pray Sir why?

*Eld. Pal.* Did you not heare what a fantastick sute  
Shee makes, that I would sit and dye with her?

*Luce.* Does this request seem strange? you will do  
For a Lady, that deny to bring her (little  
Onward her last journey; or is't your thrift?  
Alas you know, Souls travel without charge!

*Eld. Pal.* Her little skull is tainted too!

*Ampl.* Is he not willing *Luce*?

*Eld. Pal.* My best dear Lady, I am willing to  
Resign my self to any thing but death!  
Do not suspect my kindness now; In troth  
I've busines upon Earth will hold me here  
At least a score or two of years, but when  
That's done; I am content to follow you!

*Ampl.* If this perswasion cannot reach at your  
Consent; yet let me witness so much love  
In you, as may enforce your languish, and  
Decay, for my departure from your sight.

*Luce.* Can you do less then languish for her death?  
Sit down here, and begin! true sorrow Sir,  
If you have any in your brest will quickly  
Bring you low enough!

*Eld. Pal.* Alas good Ladies! do you think my languish-  
And grief is to begin upon me now? (ment  
Heaven knows how I have pin'd, and groan'd, since first  
Your letter gave me knowledge of the cause!

*Luce.* It is not seen Sir in your face!

*Eld. Pal.* My face! I grant you; I bate inwardly!  
I'm scorch'd, and dry'd, with sighing, to a Mummie:  
My Heart and Liver are not big enough  
To choak a Daw! A Lamb laid on the Altar for

A

A sacrifice hath much more entrails in't !

*Luce.* Yet still your sorrow alters not your face ?

*Eld. Pal.* Why no, I say ! No man, that ever was  
Of Nature's making, hath a face moulded  
With less help for hypocrisie than mine !

*Ginet.* Great pittie Sir !

*Eld. Pal.* Though I endur'd the Diet and the Flux ;  
Lay seven days buried up to'th Lips like a  
Deceas'd sad Indian in warm sand ; whilst his  
Afflicted Female wipes his salt foam off  
With her own hair, feeds him with Buds of Guaiacum  
For his salad ; and Pulp of Salsa for  
His Bread ; I say, all this endur'd would not  
Concern my face ! Nothing can decline that ?

*Amp.* Yet you are us'd Sir, to bate inwardly !

*Eld. Pal.* More then heirs unlanded, or unjoynter'd

*Enter Engine.*

(*Wives*)

*Engine.* What shall we do ? Sir *Tirant Thrift's* come  
home !

*Eld. Pal.* Sir *Tirant Thrift* ! *Luce.* My Ladie's Guardian  
Sir !

*Amp.* He meets th'expected hour, just to my wish !

*Luce.* What, hath he brought a Husband for my Lady ?

*Engin.* There is a certain one legg'd Gentleman,  
Whose better half or limbs is wood ; for whom  
Kind Nature did provide no hands, to prevent  
Stealing ; and to augment his gracefulness,  
Hee's crooked as a Witches Pin !

*Luce.* Is he so much wood ?

*Engin.* So much, that if my Lady were in health,  
And married to him, as her Guardian did  
Propose, we should have an excellent generation  
Of Bed-staves. *Luce.* When does he come ?

*Engin.* To night if his slow Litter will consent ;  
For they convey him tenderly, lest his  
Sharp bones should grate together : Sir *Pallatine*,

I will

I wish you could escape my Masters sight!

*Eld. Pal.* Is he coming hither?

*Engine.* Hee's at the door! My Ladies sickness was  
No sooner told him, but he straight projects  
To proffer her a Will of his own making!  
He means Sir to be heir of all: if he  
Should see you here, he would suspect my loyaltie,  
And doubt you for some cunning Instrument,  
That means to interrupt his covetous hopes!

*Eld. Pal.* Then Ile be gone.

*Engine.* No Sir, he needs must meet you in  
Your passage down! besides, it is not fit  
For you and your great hopes, with my dependancie  
On both, to have you absent when my Lady dyes;  
I know you must have all: Sir I could wish  
That wee might hide you here! —

Draw out the Chest within, that's big enough  
To hold you: it were dangerous to have ( *Chest*  
My Ladies Guardian to find you Sir! — *They draw in a*

*Eld. Pal.* How! layd up like a brush'd Gown under  
And key! By this good light, not I! ( *lock*

*Luce.* O Sir, if but to save the honour of  
Your Mistris fame, what will he think to see  
So comely, and so straight a Gentleman  
Converse here with a Lady in her Chamber.  
And in a time that makes for his suspicion too,  
When hee's from home!

*Eld. Pal.* I hate enclosure, I!  
Is the humor of a distress'd Rat!

*Giner.* It is retirement Sir, and you'l come forth  
Agen, so sage!

*Ampl.* Sir *Pallatine*! —

*Luce.* Your Lady calls Sir, to her, and be kind!

*Ampl.* Will you permit the last of all my howers  
Should be defil'd with Infamie, proclaim'd  
By lewder Tongues, to be unchaste ev'n at

E

M

My death? what will my Guardian guess to find  
You here?

*Eld. Pal.* No more, Ile in! but think on't gentle Lady!  
First to bate inwardly, and then to have  
My outward person shut thus and inclos'd  
From day light, and your company; I say (*Chest*  
But think, it's be not worse than death! — *He enters the*

*Amp.* Lock him up *Luce*, safe as thy Mayden-head! —

*Enter Sir Tirant Thrift.*

*Thrift.* *Engine*, where's my charge *Engine*, my  
deare charge!

*Engin.* Sick as I told you Sir, and lost to all  
The hope, that earthly med'cine can procure!  
Her Physitians have taken their last fees  
And then went hencie shaking their empty heads,  
As they had left less brain than hope!

*Thrift.* Alas poor Charge! come, let me see her  
*Engine!*

*Luce.* At distance Sir, I pray, for I have heard  
Your breath is somewhat sowre, with overfasting Sir,  
On Holy-day Eeves!

*Thrift.* Ha! what is shee *Engine*?

*Engin.* A pure, good soul, one that your Ward desire  
For love and kindreds sake, t'have neer her at  
Her death; shee'l outwatch a long Rush Candle,  
And reades to her all night the Posie of  
Spiritual Flowers!

*Thrift.* Does she not gape for Legacies?

*Engin.* Fye no! there's a Cornelian Ring, perhaps  
Shee aimes at, cost Ten Groats; or a wrought Smock  
My Lady made now 'gainst her wedding Sir;  
Trifles which Mayds desire to weep upon  
With Fun'ral Tales, after a Midnight Possie.

*Thrift.* Thou saydst below, she hath made mee her  
heire.

*Engin.* Of all, ev'en to her Slippers and her Pins!

*Amp.*

*Amp.* Luce, me thought *Luce* I heard my Guardi-  
ans voyce !

*Engin.* It seems her senses are grown warm agen ;  
Your presence will recover her !

*Thrift.* Will it recover her, then Ile be gon !

*Engin.* No Sir, shee'l straight grow cold agen ! On ! on !  
She looks that you would speak to her.

*Thrift.* Alas poor Charge ! I little thought to see  
This doleful day.

*Amp.* Wee all are mortal Sir !

*Thrift.* I've taken care, and labour, to provide  
A Husband for thee ; hee's in's Litter now,  
Hastening to Town ; a fine young Gentleman !  
Onely a little rumped in the womb,  
With fals his Mother took, after his making.

*Amp.* Death is my husband now ! but yet I thank  
You for your tender pains, and wish you would  
Continue it in quiet governing my Legacies,  
When I am past the power to see it Sir ;  
You shall enjoy all !

*Thrift.* This will occasion more Church building ;  
And raising of new Hospitals ; there were  
few before ; but Charge you'l have it so.

*Amp.* Ile make Sir one request ; which I have hope,  
You'l grant in thankfulness to all my bounty !

*Thrift.* O deare Charge ! any thing ! Your Couzen  
here

shall witness the consent and Act.

*Amp.* Because I would not have my vanities  
remain, as fond examples to perswade  
an imitation in those Ladies that

succeed my youthful Pride i'th Town : my Plumes,  
fantastick Flowers, and Chains ; my haughty Rich  
embroideries : my gawdy Gowns, and wanton Jewels,  
have lock'd within a Chest !

*Luce.* There Sir, there the Chest stands.

*Ampl.* And I desire it may be buried with me !

*Thrift.* *Engine*, take care *Engine*, to see it done !

*Ampl.* Now Sir, I beseech you leave mee : for 'twil  
But make my death more sorrowful, thus to  
Continue my converse with one, I so  
Much love, and must forsake at last.

*Thrift.* Alack, alack ! bury her to night *Engine* !

*Engin.* Not Sir, unless she dies. Her Ancestors  
Have sojourn'd long here in St. *Bartholmewes*,  
And there's a Vault i'th Parish Church, kept only  
For her Family ; she must be buried there.

*Thrift.* I *Engine*, I, and let me see ; the Church  
Thou knowst, joyns to my house, a good prevention  
From a large walke ; 'twil save the charge of Torch-  
light.

*Engin.* What Fun'ral Ghests ? the neighbours Sir,  
will look

To be invited !

*Thrift.* No more then will suffice  
To carry down the Corps ; and thou knowst *Engine*,  
Shee is no great weight.

*Engin.* And what to entertain them Sir ?

*Thrift.* A little Rose-marie, which thou mayst steal  
From th' *Temple Garden* ; and as many Comfits  
As might serve to Christen a Watch-mans Bastard :  
Twil be enough !

*Engin.* This will not doe ! Your Citizen  
Is a most fierce devourer Sir, of Plums !  
Six will destroy as many as can make  
A Banquet for an Armie !

*Thrift.* Ile have no more, *Engine*.  
Ile have no more, nor (d'you heare) no Burnt wine  
I doe not like this drinking healths to'th memory  
O'th dead ; it is prophane.

*Engin.* You are obay'd !  
But Sir, let me advise you now to trust

The care and benefit of all your fate  
Presents you in this house, to my discretion ;  
And get you instantly to horse agen.

*Thrift.* Why *Engine*, speak ?

*Engin.* In brief, you know, that all  
The Writings which concern your Wards estate,  
Lye at her Lawyers fifteen Miles from hence !  
Your credit, he not knowing ( Sir ) shee's sick,  
Will eas'ly tempt them to your own Possession :  
Which, once enjoy'd, y<sup>e</sup> are free from all litigious sutes  
His envie might incense her Kindred to !

*Thrift.* Enough *Engine*, I am gone !

*Engin.* If you should meet the crooked Lover in  
His Litter Sir ( as 'tis in your own rode )  
You may perswade him move like a Crab, backward ;  
For here's no mixture, but with worms.

*Thrift.* 'Tis well thought on *Engine* ! farewell  
*Engine* !

Be faithful and be rich ! —

*Engin.* My breeding and  
Good manners Sir, teach me t<sup>e</sup> attend your bounty !

*Thrift.* But *Engine*, I could wish, she would be sure  
To dye to night !

*Engin.* Alas good Soul ! Ile undertake  
She shall do any thing to please you Sir ! *Exit Thrift.*

*Ampl.* *Engine* thou hast wrought above the power  
Of Accident, or Art !

*Engin.* If you consider't with a just  
And lib'rall brain : first, to prevent  
Th'acces, and tedious visits of the Fiend  
His love-sick Monster, and then rid him hence,  
Upon a journey to preserve this house  
Empty and free to celebrate the rest  
Of our designs !

( at the Chest,

*Luce.* This *Engine*, is thy Hollyday ! — *Luce knocks*  
What hoa ! Sir *Pallatine*, are you within ?

*Eld. Pal.* Is Sir *Tirant Thrift* gone? open Lady! open!

*Luce.* The Cazement Sir I will, a little to  
Increase your withships allowance of aire!—*opens a wicket*  
But th'troth, for liberty of limbs you may *at t'end of*  
As soon expect it in a Gally Sir, *the Chest*  
After six Murders and a Rape!

*Eld. Pal.* How Lady of the Lawn! *Luce.* Sir *Launcelot*  
Yo may believ't, if your discreet faith please;  
This Tenement is cheap; here you shall dwell,  
Keepe home, and be no wanderer!

*Eld. Pal.* The Pox take me if I like this! sure when  
Th'advice of th'Ancients is but ask'd, they'l say  
I am now worse, than in the state of a Bawd!

*Engin.* D you know this Lady Sir?

*Eld. Pal.* The Lady *Ample*!  
Her vayle's off too! and in the lusty garb  
Of health and merriment! Now shall I grow  
As modest as a snayle that in's affliction  
Shrinks up himself, and's horns into his shell,  
Asham'd still to be seen.

*Ampl:* Couldst thou believe,  
Thou bearded Babe! thou dull ingendrer?  
Male rather in the back, than in the brain,  
That I could sicken for thy love? for th' cold  
Society of a thin Northern Wit! — *Eld. Pallatine sings*

*Eld. Pal.* Then *Troyans* waile with great remorse,  
The *Greeks* are lock'd i' ch wooden horse! *Enter Yo: Pal.*

*Luce. Pall,* come in *Pall*! tis done! the spacious Man  
Of Land, is now contented with his own length.

*Ample.* Your Brothers come to see you Sir!

*Eld. Pal.* Brother! Mad Girles these! couldst thou  
believ't firrah!

I am Coffin'd up like a Salmon Pye,  
New sent from *Den'shire* for a token! Come,  
Break up the Chest!

*Yo: Pal.*

*To: Pal.* Stay Brother, whose Chest is it?

*El. Pal.* Thou'ltask more questions then a Constable  
In's sleepe ! prethee dispatch !

*To: Pal.* Brother, I can,  
But marke the Malice and the envy of  
Your nature: I am no sooner exalted  
To rich Possessions, and a glorious meen ;  
But straight you tempt mee to a forfeiture  
Of all ; to commit Felony ; break open Chests !

*El. Pal.* O for *Dame Patience* ! the Fools Mistrefs !

*To: Pal.* Brother, you have prayd well, heaven send  
her you !

You must forsake your own fair fertile soyle,  
To live here by your Wits !

*Luce.* And dream Sir of  
Enjoying goodly Ladies six yards high !  
With Sattin Trains behind them ten yards long !

*Amp.* Cloth'd all in Purple, and imbroydred with  
Embossments wrought in Imag'ry, the works  
O'th ancient Poets drawn into similitude,  
And cunning shape !

*Gin.* And this attain'd Sir by your Wits. (but

*To: Pal.* Nothing could please your haughty Pallat  
The Muskatelli, and Frantiniak Grape !  
Your Turin and your Tuscan Veale, with Red  
Legg'd Partridge of the *Genoa* hills !

*Engin.* With your broad Liver o'th Venetian Goose ;  
Fatned by a Jew ; and your aged Carpe,  
Bred i'th *Geneva* Lake !

*Ampl.* }

*Luce.* } All this maintain'd Sir by your Wits !

*Ginet.* }

*Eng.* And then you talk'd Sir of your Snails t'ane from  
The dewy Marble Quarries of *Carrara*,  
And sows'd in *Lucia* Oyle ; with Cream of *Zwitzerland*,  
And *Genoa* paste.

To: *Pal.* Your Angelots of *Brie* !  
 Your *Marfolini*, and *Parmasan* of *Lodi* !  
 Your *Malamucka* Mellons, and *Cicilian* Dates !  
 And then to close your proud voluptuous Maw,  
 Marmalad made, by the cleanly Nunns of *Lisbonne* !

*Amp.* }

*Luce.* } And still thus feasted by your wits !

*Ginet.* }

*Eld. Pal.* Deafned with tyranny ! is there no end !

*Amp.* Yes Sir, an end of you ; you shall be now  
 Convey'd into a cloffe dark Vault ; there keep  
 My silent Grandfire company ; and all  
 The Musicke of your groanes, engross to your own

*Eld. Pal.* How ! buried, and alive ? (cares

To: *Pal.* Brother ! your hand ! —

Farewel ! I'm for the North ! the fame of this  
 Your voluntary death, will there be thought  
 Pure courtesie to me I mean to take  
 Possession sir, and patiently converse  
 With all those Hindes, those Heards, and Flocks,  
 That you disdain'd in fulness of your Wit !

*Luce.* Help *Pall* to carry him ! he takes it heavily ! —

*Eld. Pal.* I'll not endur't ! fire ! murder ! fire !  
 treason !

Murder ! treason ! fire ! —

*Amp.* Alas you are not heard !

The house contains none but our selves !

*Exit carrying out the Chest.*

*Enter Thwack, Pert, Meager.*

*Pert.* We bring you sir, commends from *Pallatine* !

*Thwack.* I had as live, y' had brought it from the Devil !  
 Together with his horns boyld to a Jelly,  
 For a Cordial against lust !

*Meag.* We mean the younger *Pallatine* ; one Sir,  
 That loves your person, and laments this chance,  
 Which his false brother hath expos'd you to !

*Pert.*

*Pert.* And as we told you Sir, by his command,  
We have compounded with the Constable;  
In whose dark house, y'are now a Prisoner!  
But Sir, tak't on my Faith; you must disburse!  
For Gold is a Restorative, as well  
To liberty as health! *Thwack.* And you beleeye  
(It seems that your small-tinie Officer  
Will take his Unction in the Palm as lovingly,  
As your exalted Grandee that aw's all  
With hideous voice and face.

*Pert.* Even so the Moderns render it!

*Thwack.* But Gentlemen, you ask a hundred pounds;  
Tis all I've left. *Pert.* Sir, do but think what a  
Prodigious blemish it will be both to  
Your ingenuity, and fame, to be  
Betray'd by one, that is believ'd no wittier than  
Your self, and lye imprison'd for a Bawd!

*Thw.* Sir name it not! You kill me through the ear;  
I'd rather Sir, y'ould take my Mother from  
Her grave, and put her to do Pennance in  
Her winding sheet: there is the Sum. —

*Meag.* I'll in Sir, and discharge you! *Exit Meager.*

*Thw.* These carnal Mulets and Tributes are design'd  
Only to such vain people as have Land;  
Are you, and your friend Landed Sir?

*Pert.* Such Land as we can share Sir in the Map.

*Thw.* Lo'you there now: These live by their Wits!  
Why should not I take the next Key I meet,  
And open this great head; to try if there  
Be any brains left, but sowre Curds and Plum-broth!  
Couzen'd in my Youth! couzen'd in my Age!  
Sir, do you judge, if I have cause to curse  
This false inhumane Town! when I was young,  
I was arrested for a stale commodity  
Of Nut-crackers, long Gigs, and Casting Tips:  
Now I am old, imprison'd for a Bawd!

*Pert.*

*Pert.* These are sad Tales,

*Thw.* I will write down to'th Country to dehört  
The Gentry from coming hither, Letters  
Of strange dire News; You shall disperse them Sir,

*Pert.* Most faithfully:

*Thw.* That there are Lents, six years long proclaim'd  
by thState!

That our *French* and *Deal* Wines are poyson'd so  
With Brimstone by the *Hollander*, that they  
Will onely serve for Med'cine to recover  
Children of the Itch; and there is not left  
Sack enough, to mull for a Parsons cold.

*Pert.* This needs must terrifie!

*Thw.* That our Theaters are raz'd down; and where  
They stood, hoarse Midnight Lectures preach'd by  
Wives

Of *Comb-makers*, and Mid-wives of *Tower-wharf*.

*Pert.* 'Twill take impregnably!

*Thw.* And that a new Plantation Sir (mark me)  
Is made i'th *Covent Garden*, from the Sutlerie  
O'th *German Camps*, and the Suburbs of *Paris*,  
Where such a salt disease reigns as will make  
*Sassafras* dearer than *Unicorns Horn*!

*Pert.* This cannot chuse but fright the Gentry hence,  
And more impoverish the Town, than a  
Subversion of their Fair of *Bartholmew*,  
The absence of the Terms and Court!

*Thw.* You shall (if my projections thrive) in less  
(Sir) than a year; stable your horses in  
The *New Exchange*, and graze them in the *Old*.

Enter *Yo. Pallatine*, *Meager*, *Queasie*, *Snore*,  
*Mist. Snore.*

*Pert.* Jog off, there's *Pall*, treating for your liberty.

*Yo: Pall.* The Canopy, the Hangings, and the Bed,  
Are worth more than your Rent! come, y'are overpaid  
Besides, the Gentleman's betray'd, he is no Bawd!

*Snore*

*Snor.* Truly, a very civil Gentleman !  
'Las, he hath only roar'd, and sworn, and curs'd  
Since he was rane : no bawdry Ile assure ye !

*Mist. Snor.* Gossip *Queasie*, what a good'yer would  
ye have ?

*Quea.* I am content if you and I were friends :

*To. Pal.* Come, come, agree ! 'tis I that ever bleed,  
And suffer in your wars !

*Mist. Snore.* Sweet Master *Pallatine*, hear me but speak !  
Have I not often said, Why neighbour *Queasie*,  
Come to my house ; besides, your Daughter *Mall*,  
You know last Pompeon time, din'd with me thrice,  
When my child's best yellow stockings were missing ;  
And a new Pewter Porringer mark'd with *P. L.*

*Snor.* I for *Elizabeth Snore* !

*Mist. Snor.* The Pewterer that mark'd it was my Un-  
*Que.* Why, did my Daughter steal your goods ? (cle.

*Mist. Snor.* You hear me say nothing, but there is  
As bad as this ( I warrant ye ) learn't at  
The Bakehouse ; Ile have an Oven o mine own shortly.

*To. Pal.* Come no more words ; there's to reconcile you,  
In Burnt Wine, and Cake ; Go, get you all in :  
I'm full of busines, and strange Mystery.

*Exeunt Snore, Mist. Snore, Queasie.*

*Meag.* A hundred *Pall* ; 'twas all his store, it lies  
Here my brave boy, warm and secure in Pouch.

*Pert.* Wee'l shar't anon. — What need you blush Sir  
Like a Maid newly undone in a dark ( *Morglay*,  
Entrie ? There are disasters sure, as bad  
As yours recorded in the Citie Annals.

*Thw.* Your Brother is a Gentleman of a  
Most even, and blessed composition, Sir ;  
His very blood, is made of *Holy Water*,  
Less salt, than *Almond-milk*.

*To. Pal.* My silly reprehension's were despis'd ;  
Y'would be his Disciple, and follow him,  
In a new Path, unknown to his own feet.

Yte

Yet I've walk'd in it since; and prosper'd as  
You see, without or Land, or Tenement.

*Thw.* 'Tis possible to live b'our Wits! that is  
As evident as light, no humane learning  
Shall advise me from that Faith!

*Yo. Pal.* Sir Knight, what will you give worthy my  
And me, if after a concealment of (brain  
Your present shame, I can advise you, how,  
T'atchieve such store of wealth, and treasure, as  
Shall keep you here, th'exemplar glory of  
The Town, a long whole year without relief  
Or charge, from your own Rents. This (I take it)  
Was the whole Pride, at which, some few days since,  
Your fancie aim'd!

*Thw.* This was Sir in the hours  
Of haughtiness and hope! but now—

*Yo. Pal.* He do't: whilst my poor Brother too, low, and  
Declin'd, shall see, and envie it.

*Thwack.* Live in full port; observ'd, and wondred at?  
Wine, ever flowing in large *Saxon Romekins*  
About my board; with your soft farsnet smock  
At night; and forreign Musick to entranse?

*Yo. Pal.* All this, and more than thy invention can  
Invite thee too.

*Thw.* He make thee heir of my  
Estate! take my right hand, and your two friends  
For witnesses. *Yo. Pal.* Enough, hear me with haste!  
The Lady *Ample's* dead; Nay, there are things  
Have chanc'd since your concealment far more fit  
For wonder Sir, than this: Out of a silly piety,  
T'avoid a thirst of Gold, and gawdy Pride  
I'th world; sh'ath buried with her in a Chest,  
Her Jewels, and her Clothes, besides, as I'm  
Enform'd by *Luce* (my wise Intelligence)  
Five thousand pounds in Gold; a Legacie,  
Left by her Aunt more then her Guardian knew!

*Thwack,*

*Thwack.* Well, what of this ?

*Yo. Pal.* Your self, and I, joyn'd Sir in a most firm  
And loyal League, may rob this Chest :

*Thwack.* Marrie, and will.

*Yo. Pal.* Then when your promise is but ratifi'd,  
Take all the treasure for your own expence !

*Thw.* Come let us go ; my fingers burn till they  
Are telling it : The night will grow upon's :

Only you and I, Ile not trust new Faces :

Dismiss these Gentlemen. *Yo. Pal.* At the next street  
- Sir !

*Thw.* This is at least a grin of Fortune, if  
Not a fair smile. I'm still for my old Problem ;  
Since the living rob me, Ile rob the dead.

*Yo. Pal.* On my delicious *Pert* : Now is the time  
To make our Purfes swell, and Spirits climb.

*Exeunt omnes.*

## ACT. 5. SCEN. 1.

*Enter Yo. Pallatine, Ample, Luce, Engine, with a  
Torch.*

*Yo. Pal.* *Engine*, draw out the Chest, and ope the Wic-  
Let us not hinder him the ayre, since 'tis (ket !  
Become his food ! *Eld. Pal.* Who's there ? what are  
you, speak !

*Amp.* A brace of mourning Virgins Sir, that had  
You dy'd in Love, and in your Wits, would now  
Have brought Roses, and Lillies, Buds of the Brier,  
And Summer Pinks to strew upon your Herse.

*Eld. Pal.* Then you resolve me dead !

*Luce.* 'Twere good that you would so resolve your  
self :

*Yo. Pal.* She counsels you to wise and severe thoughts ;  
Why, you are no more mortify'd, then Men

That

That are about to dance the Morrice!

*Eld. Pal.* Ladies and Brother too (whom I begin  
To worship now, for tenderness of heart)

Can you believe, I am so leaden, stupid,  
And so very a Fish, to think you dare  
Thus murder me in bravery of Mirth,  
You have gone far: part of my suffrance I  
Confess a justice to me!

*Amp.* O, do you so!  
Hath your heart, and brain met upon that point;  
And render'd you silly to your own thoughts!

*Eld. Pal.* Somewhat mistaken i'th projection of  
My journey hither! Three hours in a Chest  
Among the dead; will profit more than three  
Years in a Study; 'Mongst Fathers, Schoolmen,  
And Philosophers!

*Yo. Pal.* And y'are perswaded now, that there is  
relative  
To'th maintaining of a poor younger Brother,  
Something beside his Wits?

*Eld. Pal.* 'Tis so conceiv'd!

*Amp.* And that we Ladies of the Town, or Court,  
Have not such waxen hearts, that ev'ry beam  
From a hot Lovers Eie, can melt them through  
Our Breasts?

*Eld. Pal.* Faith, 'tis imagin'd too!

*Luce* That though th'unruly Appetites of some  
Perverted few of our fraile Sex, have made  
Them yield their honours to unlawful love;  
Yet there is no such want of you Male-sinners  
As should constrain them hyre you to't with Gold?

*Eld. Pall.* Y'have taught me a new Musick, I am all  
Consent, and concordance!

*Engin.* And that the nimble packing hand, the swift  
Disordered shuffle, or the slur, or his  
More base imployment, that with youth, and an

Eternal

Eternal back, engenders for his bread ;  
Doe all belong to Men, that may be said  
To live Sir, by their Sinns, not by their Wits !

*Eld. Pal.* Sir, whom I love not, nor desire to love,  
I am of your minde too !

*Yo: Pal.* Madam, a faire conversion, 'tis now fit  
I sue unto you, for his liberty !

*Ampl.* Alas, he hath so profited in this  
Retirement, that I feare he will not willingly  
Come out !

*Eld. Pal.* O Lady, doubt it not ! Open the Chest

*Amp.* A little patience Sir !

*Enter Ginet.*

*Ginet.* Madam, we are undone, your Guardian is  
At dore, knocking as if he meant to wake  
All his dead Neighbours in the Church !

*Ampl.* So soon return'd ! it is not midnight yet !

*Engin.* I know the bayt that tempts him back with such  
Strange hast ; and have according to your will  
Provided ( Madam ) to betray his hopes !

*Ample.* Excellent *Engine* !

*Eng.* This Key conveys you through the Chancel to  
The house Gall'ry ! My way lies here ; Ile let  
Him in, and try how our design will relish ! - *Exit Engine.*

*Amp.* Come sir it is decreed in our wise Counsell,  
You must be laid some distance from this place !

*Eld. Pal.* Pray save your labour ( Madam ) I'll come  
forth !

*Amp.* No sir, not yet !

*Eld. Pal.* Brother, a cast of your voyce !

*Yo: Pal.* She hath the Key Brother ! 'tis but an howres  
Darke contemplation more !

*Eld. Pal.* Madam here me speak.

*Amp.* Nay no beginning of orations now ;  
This is a time of great dispatch, and hast ;  
We have more plots then a General in a siegel - *Ex. tar-*  
*rying out the Chest.*

*Enter.*

*Enter Thrift, Engine,*

*Engine.* None of the Writings Sir, and yet perplex Your self, with so much speed in a return!

*Thrift.* The Lawyer was from home, but *Engine*, I Had hope to have prevented by my haste, Though not her Fun'ral, yet the Fun'ral of The Chest; Ah dear *Engine*; tell me but why So much pure innocent Treasure, should be Thus thrown into a dark forgetfulness!

*Engine.* I thought I had encountred his intents! All Sir, that Law, allow'd her bounty to Bestow, is yours; but for the Chest; trust me, 'Tis buried sir; the Key is here sir, of no use!

*Thrift.* Hah, *Engine*! Give it me!

*Eng.* And Sir, to vex your mediation more, Though not with Manners, yet with truth; know there Is hidden in that Chest a plenteous heap Of Gold; together with a Rope of most Inestimable Pearl, left by her late

Dead Aunt by will, and kept from your discovery!

*Thrift.* Is this true, *Engine*?

*Engin.* That precise Chit *Luce*, her couzen *Puritan* Was at th'interring oft, conceal'd it till The Fun'ral forms were past; and then forsooth, Shee boasted that it was a pious Means, To avoyd covetous desires i'th world!

*Thrift.* These Fun'ral tales (*Engine*) are sad indeed; Able to melt an Eye, though harder than That heart, which did consent to so much cruelty Upon the harmless Treasure!

*Engin.* I mourn within Sir too!

*Thrift.* Give me the Key, that leads me from my house,  
Unto the Chauncel doore!

*Engin.* Tis very late Sir, whither will you goe?

*Thrift.* Never too late to pray; My heart is heavier

*Engin.* Where shall I wait you Sir?

*Thrift.*

*Thrift.* At my low Gall'ry door, I may chance stay long.

*Engine.* This takes me more than all the kindness  
Ever shew'd me: a decent transmutation: (Fortune.  
I am no more your Steward, but your Spie. *Exeunt.*

*Enter To. Pallatine, Pert, Meager, Snore, and Watchmen.*

*To. Pal.* There, there's more Mony for your Watch;  
me thinks.

Th'ave not drunk Wine enough; they do not chirp

*Snore.* Your Wine mates them; they understand it not.  
But they have very good capacity in Ale;  
Ale Sir, will heat 'um more than your Beef Brewis!

*To. Pall.* Well, let them have Ale then.

*Snor.* O Sir, 'twill make 'um sing like the Silk-knisters  
of Cock-lane!

*Yo. Pal.* *Meager*, go you to Sir *Tiram Thrifts* house,  
*Lucce*, and the Lady are alone, they will  
Have cause to use your diligence, make haste!

*Meag.* Your dog, ty'd to a Bottle, shall not out-run  
me! *Exit.*

*Yo. Pal.* *Pert*, stay you here with Master Constable;  
And when occasion calls, see that you draw  
Your lusty Bill-men forth; bravely advanc'd  
Under the Colours of Queen *Ample* and  
My self, her General!

*Pert.* If Ale can fortifie, fear not! where's Sir *Morglay*?

*Yo. Pal.* I'm now, to meet him i'th Church-yard, the  
old Blade

skulks there like a tame filcher, as he had  
Nete stoln 'bove Eggs from Market women;

Robb'd an Orchard, or a Cheese-lost!

*Snor.* Wee'l wait your worship in this corner.

*Yo. Pal.* No stirring, till I either come, or send.

*Snor.* Pray Sir let's not stay long, 'tis a cold night;

and I have nothing on my Bed at home,

nor a thin Coverlet, and my Wives Sey Petticote:

Shée'l neer sleep ( poor soul ) till I come home,  
To keep her warm!

*Yo. Pal.* You shall be sent for strait!  
Be merry my dul Sons o'ch Night, and Chirpe! *Exit.*

*Snoy.* Come neighbour *Runlet* 'sighing pays no Rent  
Though the Land-Lady be in love! Sing out——

They sing a Catch in four Parts.

*With Lanthorne on Stall; at Trea Trip we play,  
For Ale Cheese and Pudding, till it be day,  
And for our Breakfast ( after long sitting )  
Wee steale a Street Pig, o'ch Constables getting.*

*Enter Engine.*

*Engin.* Sir, draw down your Watch into the Church  
And let 'um lie hid close by the Vestrie dore!

*Pert.* Is he there already?

*Engin.* Fat Carriers Sir, make not more hast to bed,  
Nor lean Phylosophers to rise; I've so  
Prepar'd things, that hee'l find himself mistaken!

*Pert.* Close by the Vestrie dore!

*Eng.* Right sir,  
Ile to my Lady, and expect th'e vent of your surpris!

*Pert.* Follow Master Constable, one, and one:  
All in a File! — *Exeunt.*

*Enter Thrift, with a Candle.*

*Thrift.* I cannot find where they have layd  
Coffin!

But there's the Chest: Ile draw it out, that I  
May have more room, to search, and rife it! —

The weight seems easie to me, though my strength  
Be old; how long, thou bright all powerful minerall  
Might'st thou lie hid, ere the dul dead, that are  
Entomb'd about thee here, could reach the Sense,  
To turn wise Thieves, and steal thee from oblivion!

(opens it.)

How! a Halter! what Fiend affronts me with  
This Emblem! Is this the Rope of Orient Pearl?

*and finds a halter*

*Enter Pert, Snore, Watchmen.*

*Pert.* Now I have told you Master Constable,  
The intire plot; marke but, how like that Chest,  
Is to the other, where the *Elder Pallatine*  
Lies a Perdu;

*Engine* contriv'd them both! (Watch?)

*Thrift.* Hah! what are these, the Constable and

*Pert.* Ceaze on him for no less than sacriledge!

*Thrift.* Why neighbors, Gentlemen!

*Pert.* Away with him. (Cover)

*Snor.* We shall know now, who stole the Wanscot  
From the Font, and the Vicar's Surpliss!

*Pert.* Alas grave Sir, become a forfeiture  
To'th King, for sacriledge!

*Thrift.* Heare me but speak!

*Snor.* No not in a' cause against the King!

*Pert.* Lead to's own house! he shall be Pris'ner there  
And lock'd up safe enough.

*Thrift.* Undone for ever! ——— *Exeunt;*

*Enter Yo: Pallat: Thwack with an Iron Crow,  
and dark Lanthorn.*

*Thw.* Why this was such a firke of Piety,  
were heard of: Bury her Gold with her?  
Is strange her old shoos were not interr'd too;  
for feare the days of *Edgar* should return,  
When they coyn'd Leather.

*Yo: Pal.* Come Sir, lay down your Instrument!

*Thw.* Why so?

*Yo: Pal.* I'm so taken with thy free jolly Nature,  
cannot for my heart proceed to more  
Defeat upon thy liberty: all that  
told thee were ranke lies!

*Thw.* How! no treasure trovar!

*Yo. Pal.* Not so much as will pay for that small Candle  
We waste to finde in our!

*Thwack.* I thank you Sir! — Flings down the Crown  
of Iron.

*Yo. Pal.* You shall have cause, when you hear more,  
Dark region Sir, solemn, and silent, as (to this  
Your thoughts must be, ere they are mortify'd.

Have I now brought you, to perceive what an  
Immense large As (under your favour Knight)

You are to be seduc'd, to such vain stratagems

By that more profound *Foppe*, your Friend, my Brother

*Thw.* How ha't been serv'd, if I ad brought my scales

Hither, to weigh this Gold? but on! your brother;

Whose name (let me tell you first) sounds far worse

To me then does a Sergeant to a young

Indebted Lover, that's arrested in his Coach,

And with his Mistress by him.

*Yo. Pall.* You are believ'd; but will you now confirm

Me to your grace and love, if I shall make't

Appear, that in a kind revenge of what

You suffered Sir, I've made this false, and great,

Seducer of mankind to suffer more.

*Thw.* The Legend, *Talmud*, nor the *Alcharron*,

Have not such doubtful tales as these; but make't

Appear, I would have evidence.

*Yo. Pal.* Then take't on my Religion Sir, he was

Laid up in durance for a Bawd before

He betray'd you to the same preferment.

*Thw.* Shall this be justify'd, when my disgrace

Comes to be known; wilt thou then witness it?

*Yo. Pal.* With a deep Oath: And Sir, to tempt

Your favours on poor me, that ever mourn'd

For all your sufferings; know you shall now

See him inclos'd in a blind Chest; where hee

Lies bath'd Sir, in a greater sweat than ere

*Cornelius* took in his own Tub.

*Thw.* Here amongst Sepulchers, and melancholly bones;  
Let me but see't; and I will die for joy,  
To make thee instantly my heir.

*Yo. Pal.* You shall; and yet ere the Sun rise, find him  
Enthrall'd too in a new distress.

*Thwack.* Do'st want money? bring me to Parchment and

A Scriv'ner, Ile seal out two pound of Wax. — *Yo. Pal.*

*Yo. Pal.* You Sir, my neer'st Ally, are you asleep? *knocks at the Ghost.*

*Eld. Pal.* O Brother, art thou come! quick, let me forth.

*Yo. Pal.* Here is a certain friend of yours presents  
His loving visit Sir! — *Opens the Wicket.*

*Eld. Pal.* Sir *Morglay Thwack?*  
I had rather have seen my sister naked.

*Thwack.* What, like a bashful Badger do you draw  
Your head into your hole agen? Come Sir,  
Out with that sage Noddle, that has contriv'd  
So cunningly for me, and your dear self.

*Eld. Pal.* Here take my Eie-lids Knight, and sow 'em up,  
I dare not see thy face! *Thwack.* But what think you  
Of a new Journey from the North, to live  
Here by your Wits; or midnight visits Sir,  
To the *Moguls* Neece. *Eld. Pall.* I have offended  
Knight:

Whip me with wire, headed with Rowels of  
Sharp Rippon Spurs! Ile endure any thing  
Rather than thee.

*Thwack.* We have ( I thanke your bounteous  
brain)

then entertain'd with various consorts, Sir,  
(I whispering Lutes, to sooth us into slumbers,  
Of Clare to bathe our Temples in,  
And then the wholesome womb of woman too,  
That never seem'd all this for nothing 'ir.

*Yo. Pal.* Come Ile let him forth,

*Thw.* Rogue if thou lov'st me?  
Nay let him be confin'd thus, one short moneth!  
Ile send him down to Country Fairs for a  
New motion made, b'a Germane Ingeneer!

*Yo: Pal.* 'Las he is my Brother.

*Thw.* Or for a solitary Ape,  
Lead captive thus by th'Hollander, because  
He came aloft for Spain, and would not for the States!

*Yo: Pal.* Sir *Morglay* leave your Lanthorn here, and  
My coming at yon dore, Ile let him out! (stay  
But for the new distrefs, I promis'd on  
His person, take it on my manhood sir,  
He feels it strait!

*Thw.* Finely ensnar'd agen, and instantly!

*Yo: Pal.* Have a good faith and goe! *Exit. Thw.*

*Eld. Pal.* Dear Brother, wilt thou give me liberty!

*Yo: Pal.* Upon condition sir, you kiss these Hiltz,  
Swear not to follow me, but here remain  
Until the Lady *Ample* shall consent,  
To'th freedom I bestow! — *He kisses the Hiltz*

*Eld. Pall.* 'Tis done! a vow inviolate!

*He opens the Chest and lets him out.*

*Yo. Pall.* Now silence Brother! not one curse, not  
thanks — *Exit. Yo: Pal.*

*Eld. Pal.* Fate, and a good Star speed me! though  
I have

Long since amaz'd my self e'ne to a Marble,  
Yet I have courage left, to ask, what this  
Might mean? Was ever Two-legg'd Man thus us'd!

*Enter Pert, Snore, & Watchmen.*

*Pert. Pall.* and his friend are gone, I must not stay  
His sight; but after you have ceaz'd upon him  
Lead him a Prisoner to the Lady too. — *Exit Pert.*

*Sno.* Warrant ye, though he were Gog, or Heldebrand  
*they lay hold on him*

*Eld. Pal.* How now? What mean you Sirs?

*Snore.* Yield to the Constable.

*Eld Pal.* 'Tis yielded fir, that you are Constable!  
But where have I offended!

*Snore.* Heer, Sir, you have committed Sacrilege,  
And robb'd an Aldermans Tombe, of himself,  
And his Two Sons kneeling in Brafs!

*Eld. Pal.* How, Flea Monuments of their Brazen  
skins?

*Snore.* Look, a Darke Lanthorn, and an Iron Crow;  
Fine evidence for a Iurie! —

*Eld Pal.* I like this plott! The Lady *Ample* and  
My Brother, have molt rare triumphant Witts;  
Now by this hand, I am most eagerly  
In love with both; Ifind I have deserv'd all;  
And am resolv'd t' hugge them, and their designs;  
Though they afflict me more, and more! Whether  
must I goe?

*Snore.* Away with him! Saucie fellow! examine  
The Kings Constable —

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Young Pallatine, Thwack, Ample, Luce,*  
*Meager.*

*Meager.* I am become your Guardians Jaylor, Lady;  
Hee's safe lock'd in the Parlor, and there howles  
Like a Dogg that sees a Witch flying!

*Thwack.* I long to heare how my wise Tutor thrives  
I'th new defeat!

*Amp.* 'Tis well you are converted!  
Beleev't that Gentleman deserves your thanks.

*Thwack.* Lady seal my conversion on your Lipp;  
'Tis the first leading Kifs, that I intend  
for after chastitie!

*kisses her.*

*To. Pal. Luce,* see you make the proposition good  
Which I shall give my Brother from this Lady,  
Or Ile so swaddle your small Bones.

*Luce.* Sweet *Pall*, thou shalt. Madam; you'l please to  
stand

To what I lately mention'd to your own desire?

*Amp.* To ev'ry Particle and more. — *Enter Pert.*

*Pert.* Your Brother's come; this room must be his prison.

*Yo. Pal.* Way *Luce*, away: stand in the Closet. Ma- That you may hear us both, and reach my call. (dam

*Thwack.* He stay, and see him.

*Yo. Pal.* No Knight, you are decreed Sir *Tirants* Judge Go that way Sir, and force him to compound.

*Thw.* He fine him soundly, Till's Purse shrink like a Bladder in the fire. — *Exit*

(*Amp, Luc. Thw. Meag. Pert.*

*Enter Snore, Elder Pallatne.*

*Snor.* Here Sir, this is your Jayle, too good for such A great Offender.

*Eld. Pal.* Sacriledge! very well.

Now all the Pulpit-Cushions, all the Hearse-clothes, And winding sheets that have been stoln about The Town this year, will be laid to my charge.

*Yo. Pal.* Pray leave us Master Constable, and look Unto your other Bondman in the Parlor — *Exit Snore.*

*Eld. Pal.* This is the wittiest off-Spring that our Ere had, I love him beyond hope or lust, (name Yo. My Father was no Roet sure, I wonder How he got him?

*Yo. Pal.* I know you curse me now.

*Eld. Pal.* Brother, introth you lie, and who ere be- That lieves it.

*Yo. Pal.* Indeed you doe; Conjurers in a Circle, That have rais'd up a wrong spirit, curse not So much, nor yet so inwardly.

*Eld. Pal.* I've a great mind to kiss thee.

*Yo. Pall.* You have not sure?

*Eld. Pal.* I shall doo't, and eat up thy lips so far, Till th'ast nothing left to cover thy teeth.

*Yo. Pal.*

*To. Pal.* And can you think all the afflictions you  
Endur'd, were merited; first, for misleading  
*Morglay*, your old friend; then, neglect of me  
And haughty over-valuing your self?

*Eld. Pal.* Brother, I murmur not; the Traps that  
you  
Have laid, were so ingenious, I could wish  
To fall in them again.

*Yo. Pal.* The Lady *Ample* Sir,  
There is the great contriver that hath weav'd  
These knots so intricate and safe: 'Las, I  
Was but her lowly Instrument.

*Eld. Pal.* Ah that Lady! were I a King, she should  
Sit with me under my best Canopie,  
A Silver Scepter in her hand; with which,  
I'd give her leave to break my head for ev'ry fault  
I did commit.

*Yo. Pal.* But say, I bring this Lady Sir, unto  
Your lawful sheets; make her your bosome wife:  
Besides, the plenty of her heritage,  
How would it sound, that you had conquer'd her  
Who hath so often conquer'd you?

*Eld. Pal.* Dear Brother, no new plots:

*Yo. Pal.* Six thousand pounds Sir is your yearly Rent;  
A fair temptation to a discreet Lady:

*Luce*, hath fill'd both mine Ears with hope; besides,  
I heard her say, she nere should meet a man,  
That she could more subdue with Wit and Govern-

*Eld. Pal.* That Ile venture. (ment.

*To. Pal.* Well my first bounty is your freedom Sir,  
For th'Constable obeys no Law, but mine.

And now, Madam, appear! *Enter Ample, Luce,*

*Amp.* Y'are welcome 'mongst the living, Sir;

*Eld. Pal.* Lady, no words; if y'ave but so much

Mercy

As could secure one that your Eyes affect.

*Amp:*

*Amp.* Why, you'r grown arrogant agen: d'you  
thinke

They are so weak, to affect you?

*Eld. Pal.* I have a heart so kind unto my self,  
To wish they could; O we should live.

*Amp.* Not by our Wits.

*Eld. Pal.* No no! but with such soft content; still in  
Conspiracie, how to betray our selves  
To new delights keep, harmonie with no  
More noyse, than what the upper motions make;  
And this so constant too, *Turtles* themselves,  
Seeing our faith, shall slight their own, and pine  
With jealousie.

*Ampl. Luce,* The youth talkes sence now, no Med-  
cine for

The brain, like to captivity in a dark Chest.

*Yo: Pall.* O Madam, you are cruel!

*Amp.* Well my sad Convertite: joy yet at this:  
I've often made a vow, to marry on  
That very day my Wardship is expir'd:  
And two hours since, that liberty begun.

*Luce.* Nay, heare her out! your wishes are so saw-  
cie Sir.

*Amp.* And know, my glory is dispatch. My Ancestors  
Were of the fierie *French*, and taught me love,  
Hot eagerness, and haste!

*Eld. Pall.* Let me be rude  
A while; lye with your judgements, and beget  
Sages on that! My dearest, chiefest Lady —

*Ampl.* Your brains yet fowle, and will recoyl agen

*Eld. Pall.* No more: Ile swallow down my Tongue

*Amp.* If Sir your nature be so excellent,  
As your kind Brother hath confirm'd to *Luce*,  
And mee; follow, and Ile present you straight  
With certain writings you shall seal to, hoodwinck'd,  
And purely ignorant of what they are?

you This is the swiftest and the easiest test,  
That I can make of your bold love; doe this,  
perhaps, I may vouchsafe to marrie you.  
The writings are within.

Eld. Pal. Lead me to tryal, come!

Amp. But Sir, if I should marry you; it is  
In confidence, I have the better Wit;  
And can subdue you still to quietness,  
Meek sufferings, and patient awe.

Eld. Pal. You rap me still anew.

Yo: Pall. In *Luce*, our hopes grow strong and Gi-  
antly!

Exeunt.

Enter Thrift, Snore, Mist. Snore, Quicke, Ginet.

Ginet. To him Mistress Snore; 'tis he has kept  
Your Husband from his Bed so long, to watch  
Him for a Church Robberie!

Mist. Snor. Ah, thou Judas! I thought what  
thou'lt come to!

Remember the Warrant thou sent'st for mee  
Into *Duck-lane*, 'cause I call'd thy Mayd Trot!  
When I was faint invite thy Clerke to a heart!

Fee Pye, sent me b'a Temple Cook, my Sisters Sweet-

Quicke. Nay, and remember who was brought to bed  
Under thy Coach-house wall; when thou denid st  
A wad of straw, and wouldst not joyn thy half-penny  
To send for Milke, for the poor Chrifome!

Snor. Now you may sweeten me with Sugar-loaves  
At New-years-tide, as I have you Sir,——

Enter Thwack, Pert, Meager, Engine.

Thw. Wee'l teach you to rob Churches! S'light,  
hereafter

We of the Pious shall be afrayd to goe  
To a long Exercise, for fear our Pockets should  
Be pick'd! Come Sir, you see already how  
The neighbours throng to find you; will you consent?  
Tis but a thousand pounds a piece to these

Two

Two Gentlemen ; and five hundred more t' *Engine*.  
Your crime is then conceal'd, and your self free.

*Meag.* No, he may chuse, hee'l trust to'th kind  
hearted *Law*.

*Pert.* Let him, and to *Dame Justice* too, who though  
Her Ladiship be blind, will grope hard Sir,  
To find your Money Bags.

*Engine.* Sir you are rich, besides you know what you  
Have got by your Wards death, I fear you will  
Be begg'd at Court unless you come off thus.

*Thrift.* There is my Closet-Key, do what you please.

*Engine.* Gentlemen, lle lead you to it, follow me.;

*Thw.* D'you use to find such sums as these beneath  
An Oak, after a long March ; I think sure,  
The wars are not so plentiful. *Pert.* We think so too.

*Thw.* Y'had better trail a Bodkin, Gentlemen,  
Under the Lady *Ample*, than a Pike  
Under a *German General*.

*Pert.* Wee'lin for th'mony Sir, and talk anon.

*Ex. Eng. Pert. Meag.*

*Enter Eld. Pallat.* Yo. *Pallat. Ample, Luce.*

*Yo. Pal.* Sir *Tirant Thrift*, here is your Ward come  
The dead, t'indite you for a Robbery (from  
Upon her Ghost *Thrift.* Hah ! Is she alive too

*Luce.* Yes, and her Wardship out, before y'have  
proffer'd her

A Husband Sir, so the best benefit  
Of all your Guardianship is lost.

*Amp.* In seven long years you could not Sir pro-  
A man deform'd enough, to offer me (vide  
For your own ends.

*Thrift.* Couzen'd of wealth, of fame ! Dog *Engine*  
*Exit. Thrift*

*Thw.* We must have you enclos'd agen : y'are very  
Forward with the Lady. *Eld. Pal.* I will be Sir,  
Untill she groan: this Priest stays somewhat long.

*Thw.* Then

*Thw.* How's this? troth I shall forgive thee then heartily.

*Amp.* I've t'ane him i'th behalf of health to chide  
And jeer for recreation sake, 'twill keep

*Me Sir,* in breath, now I am past growing.

*Eld. Pal.* Hearn Knight! here's relish for your ears: I  
None of your dull Country Madams, that spend (chose  
you Their time in studying Receipts, to make  
March-Pane, and preserve Plums; that talk  
Of painful Childbirths, Servants wages, and  
ease. Their husbands good Complexion, and his Leg!

*Thwack.* New wonders yet!

*Eld. Pal.* What was that (Mist'ris) which I seal'd to,  
th hood-wink'd?

too A simple trial of my confidence and love.

*Amp.* Your Brother has it, 'tis a gift to him  
Of one fair Manner, 'mongst those many that you  
Have in Possession Sir; and in this Bond,  
You are witness to three thousand pounds I give to *Luce!*

*Luce,* Yes, Sir, for *Pall* and I must marry too.

*Yo: Pal.* I were an Ev'nuch else, and the world should  
come know't.

*Eld. Pal.* Thou couldst not have betray'd me to a  
from bounty

have more love, Brother, Give thee joy! — *Thw. takes Yo:*

*Thw.* You are the cause of all these Miracles: (*Pal aside*  
Therefore I desire you to be my heir;

By this good day you must; for I've t'ane order,

pro- Though I love your Wit, you shall not live by it;

vide *Yo. Pal.* My kind thanks Sir, the poor mans gratitude.

*Mist: Snor.* Give you joy sweet Master *Pallatine* and  
your Brother too. *Que:* And send you more such wives,  
brist Ev'ry year as many as shall please heaven.

very *Snor:* 'Tis day; lie not to bed Sir now: my watch  
ir, shall be drunk, at your worships wedding.

*Yo: Pal:* They shall, and there is Gold enough to keep  
*Thw* them so, until thy reign be out. — *Enter*

*Enter Pert, Meager, Engine, with Money Bags.*

*Pert.* Loaden with composition *Pall*—

*Meag.* 'Tis for your sake wee grone under these burdens—

*Yo: Pall.* The Offal of Sir *Tirants* Trunks! Brother, Pray know these Gentlemen, they owe you more Money than they mean to pay now.

*Eld. Pal.* I remember 'um: But no words my *Ca-*  
*valliers,*

And you are safe. Where shall we dine to day?

*Yo: Pall.* At *Lucy's* Aunts, weel' make her costive *Beldamship*

Come off; when she beholds a goodly joynture,  
And our faire hopes.

*Eld. Pal.* First, to the Church. Lady,  
Ile make your skittish person sure Some of  
Your pleasant Arts upon me, may become  
A wise Example, and a Moral too;  
Such as their haughty fancie well befits,  
That undertake to live here by their Wits. *Ex. omnes*

## FINIS.

## EPILOGUE.

**T**He office of an Epilogue, is now  
To smooth and stroke the wrinkles from each brow,  
To guide severer judgements (if we could  
Be wise enough) untill they thought all good,  
Which they perhaps dislike; And sure this were  
An over-bolanes, rais'd from too much Feare.  
You have a Freedom, which we hope you'l use,  
To advance our youthful Poet, and his Muse  
With a kind doom; and hee tread boldly then  
In's best new Comick Socks, this Stage agen.

THE  
PLATONICK  
LOVERS.

A  
TRAGI-COMEDY.

Presented at the Private House  
IN

Black-fryers,

By His Majesties Servants.

---

The AUTHOR,  
Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT, Kt.

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LONDON,  
Printed for *Gabriel Bedel*, and *T. Collins*, and are to  
be sold at their Shop at the Middle Temple-  
gate in Fleetstreet, 1665.

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Ezra in Hecstrect, 1662.

TO THE  
MOST NOBLE,

Mr. HENRY JERMYN.

SIR,

**H**ave boldly fix'd your  
Name here, to shew  
the World, where I  
have settled my esti-  
mation and service; and expect  
I should adde much to my  
judgement, that I have made  
an excellent a choice. When  
you have leisure, and can a lit-  
tle neglect your time, be pleas'd  
to become my first Reader. If  
I shall gain your liking, the se-

G

vere


vere Rulers of the Stage will  
be much mended in opinion :  
and then it may be justly ac-  
knowledg'd, you have reco-  
ver'd all the declining Fame, be-  
longing to

*Your unfortunate*

*Servant ,*

**WILLIAM D'AVENANT.**

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## PROLOGUE.

**T**Is worth my smiles, to think what inforc'd ways,  
 And shifts each Poet hath to help his Playes.  
 Ours now believes, the Title needs must cause  
 From the indulgent Court, a kind applause,  
 Since there he learnt it first, and had command  
 To interpret what he scarce doth understand.  
 And then (forsooth) he saies, because 'tis new  
 'Twill take, and be admir'd too, by a few:  
 But all these easie hopes, I'de like t' have marr'd,  
 With witnessing his Title was so hard,  
 'Bove half our City audience would be lost,  
 That knew not how to spell it on the the Post.  
 Nay, he was told, some Criticks lately spent  
 Their Learning to find out, it nothing meant:  
 They will expect but little (he replies)  
 From that which nought or little signifies.  
 Well, I (your Servant) who have labour'd here  
 In Buskins, and in Socks, this thirty year,  
 I'th truth of my experience, could not chuse  
 But say, these shifts would not secure his Muse:  
 Then straight presented to his willing fear,  
 How you are grown of late, harsh, and severe.  
 (Excuse me that I'm bold to speak my mind  
 I'th dark, of what so publikely I find.)  
 But this hath made him mourn; I've left him now  
 With's limber Hat, o'reshadowing his Brow,  
 His Cloak cast thus—to hinder from his ear,  
 The scorns and censures he may shortly hear:  
 Such as shall teach, despair, lead him the way,  
 Unto a Grove of Cypress, not of Bay.

G 2

The



*The Persons of the Play.*

<i>Theander,</i>	A young Duke, lately a General.
<i>Phylomont,</i>	A young Duke that borders by him
<i>Sciolto,</i>	An old Lord, friend to <i>Theander</i> .
<i>Fred. line,</i>	Creature to <i>Theander</i> .
<i>Castraganio,</i>	Creature to <i>Fredeline</i> .
<i>Gridonel,</i>	A young Souldier Son to <i>Sciolto</i> .
<i>Buonateste,</i>	A generous Artist.
<i>Arnoldo,</i>	} Attendants on <i>Theander</i> .
<i>Aspero,</i>	
<i>Euritheia,</i>	M <sup>rs</sup> to <i>Theander</i> , sister to <i>Phylomont</i> .
<i>Ariola,</i>	M <sup>rs</sup> to <i>Phylomont</i> , sister to <i>Theander</i> .
<i>Amadine,</i>	Woman to <i>Euritheia</i> , sister to <i>Castraganio</i> .
<i>Attendants, &amp;c.</i>	

*The Scene, Sicilie.*





# THE PLATONICK LOVERS.

## ACT I. SCEN. I.

*Enter Sciolto, Arnolde, Jasperso, Attendants.*

*Sciolto.*



Hat hoe? *Arnolde, Jasperso?* Dispatch,  
Dispatch? You move like great fat Burg-  
ers that

Had newly din'd, Criples would stir more  
nimble

To a whipping? Are all things prepar'd?

*Arn.* My Lord, there's time enough, the Duke will  
Be here till night. (not

*Sciol.* From whence pray that Intelligence,  
From the *Gazet*, brought hither by a Mule from *Paris*

*Arnol.* Your Lordship receives yours (Sir  
(I think) in a little Letter ty'd to a Tartarian arrow.

*Jasp.* Or 'bout the neck of a *Barbary* Pigeon,  
We know hee'l not be here till night.

*Sciol.* You know? your knowledge (Sir) will scarce  
A Clerk, to dine upon the ear of a (prefer

tyth Pigg: death! my good serving-gentleman,  
Did not I leave him a League off, and with

Him too, Duke *Phylomont*, their train enough

To famish our whole *Sicily*, were not  
Nature bounteous to us in our good Corn?

*Arnol.* Hath sprightly *Phylomoni* encounter'd with  
Our Duke *Theander* by the way too?

*Sciolt.* Light! Your business is to ask questions Sir?  
A Court examiner? are all provisions made  
Of Furniture and meat? *Jasp.* All, all, my Lord.

*Sciolt.* The inner rooms new hung, and th' garden  
Gallery

Adorn'd with *Titians* pictures, and those frames  
Of *Tintaret*, last brought from *Rome*?

*Arn.* Yes Sir, and Tables spread with Napery finer  
than

*Poppeas* smock, the Cupboards crack with studded Plate  
And Chrystal vials thick enough to endure

A fall, or hammer, Sir. *Jasp.* Our Kitchens smoke so,  
That the fat steam blown o're a Town besieg'd,  
Would cure the Famine in't?

*Arnol.* The Cellars too so fill'd that they would make  
A Danish army drunk.

*Sciolt.* *Arnoldo*? Rogue? with good pure Muskaden  
Of *Creet*, I'm old, and must be nourish'd with  
My morning Sop, like Matrons that want teeth.

*Arnol.* Your Lordship shall not fail to have it spic'd.

*Jasp.* And when 'tis noon, your *Malamucks* Mellon of  
An Amber scent, serv'd in a Grotto Sir,  
To cool your Lordships wishes, not your blood;  
For that we guests, hath not this many yeares  
Been Feverish towards women.

*Sciolt.* A merry knave;  
Go good boyes both: call all the Waiters, and  
The Grooms, t'attend upon their several charge,  
The Dukes will instantly arrive; our brave  
*Theander* sent me for dispatch before,  
To take command of the whole house, look too't;  
I shall be bounteous, but severe.

*Arn*

Arn. My Lord, we love your government, and will  
make haste.

*Exeunt Jaspero, Arnoldo*

*Enter Fredeline, Castragano.*

Fred. Walk our horses neer the Park gate untill  
A gen'ral care be given for all the Troop.

*Within.* I shall Sir.

Fred. My Lord *Sciolto*, your good Horseman-ship  
Hath put us to some trouble to o'retake you :  
Let me prefer this Gentleman unto  
Your knowledge, he will deserve them both.

*Sciolto.* I thank you for him Signior *Fredeline*,  
No friendship of your choice can deserve less: How is  
he call'd?

*Fred. Castragano.* 'Tis he, whom with your kind  
consent

I would prefer to our Dukes chamber : and the Brother  
The witty *Amadine*, whom late I plac'd ( to  
Chief woman to *Euritheia*, our grand Masters Mist'is.

*Sciolto.* Signior give me your hand,  
I love not Courtship, but I will promise  
To befriend you, and perform it too.

*Castra.* Your Lordship hath just power ore my be-

*Fred.* He's lately posted from *Vienna* Sir, ( lief  
And can present you with a Letter—*Castr.* gives *Sciolto*  
( a Letter.

*Sciolto* I hope from the noble Colonel my Sons  
Governor. *Castr.* His name Sir, is subscrib'd to it,  
And straight you will behold your Son,  
The scituation of this house hath but a while  
Impley'd his eyes without.

*Sciolto.* *Fredeline*, the boy comes  
As I were Master o're my wish, 'tis now  
Full thirteen yeers since (first of tender growth)  
I sent him to the Camp, this Letter Sir,  
My better leisure shall survey. But pray,  
How is he bred? My peevish humour gave

A strange direction to his Governour,  
That he should never learn to Write nor Read,  
Nor never see a Woman.

*Castr.* My Lord, you are obey'd in both: He is  
A good Souldier, and by his Learning will  
Sooner confute the Foe, than a Phylosopher.  
As for Women, they're things he nere heard nam'd;  
Nor can the Camp present him any, but  
Course Suttlers Wives, creatures of so much durt,  
That shovell'd well together, they will serve  
To make a Trench ere they are dead, more fit  
To heave the stomach, than to stir the blood.

*Fred.* I know 'um perfectly. They wear no smocks  
But cut out of an old cast Tent, and bind  
Their hair in horses Girths in stead of Filletting.

*Sciolt.* Such I dare allow him.

*Fred.* Yet with the freedome of your Lordships  
leave,

These are but homely Principles to give  
For education of a Son and Heir!

Not Write, nor Read, nor see a Woman!

*Sciolt.* I will endure the hazard of a new  
Experiment, and try how Nature will  
Incline him; learning (I finde) doth make men  
Sawcy with their Maker, and false unto  
Themselves, and Women make us all fools.

*Enter Gridonel.*

*Castrag.* Here comes your Son.

Practise your reverence Sir, there stands your Fa-  
ther.

*Grid.* Well, which is he? *Stands still gazing*

*Castra.* There Sir, with the gray beard *(about.)*

*Grid.* A comely old fellow, by this hand Sir;  
I am glad to see you with all my heart!

*Sciolt.* If you stand upon these points, Sir, I and you!

*Castr.* Go ask blessing.

*Grid.*

*Grid.* Does the old man look for't ?

*Sciolt.* Not I intiroth, for though the custom be Devout enough, it shows me thinks too like a complement.

*Grid.* You are in the right sir, and I hate complement as much as you.

*Fred.* My Lord, his Governor hath follow'd your Direction to the shadow of a haire, Hee's rarely bred to make a Favorite in the French Court.

*Sciolt.* Goe pick your ears, good Signior, if you like It not, 'tis musick unto mine; but sonne, How ere these manners are not much in use, You can be dutiful ?

*Grid.* Sir I am taught, My Father is my officer, I Perform my duties, and obey him; besides, I love you more then a good Sword.

*Sciolt.* Why, I thank you Sir; there is no love lost.

*Fred.* For me, exc'lent courtship; just like the parley 'Twixt Mounfier Hobbhynoll, and Colleen Clowr.

*Grid.* I pray a word ? I'm told I should expect Certain duties from you too.

*Sciolt.* May't please you Sonne, I shall be glad to learn.

*Grid.* You must allow me still new choise of Armour, Brave Horse for service, and high pric'd Ginnetts To curvett i'th streets, and rich cloathes.

*Sciolt.* Heaven forbid else.

*Grid.* Jewels and money too

*Sciolt.* O Sonne I shall know my duty.

*Grid.* And when the time conspires with my necessity To call you to't, You must make haste and dye.

*Fred.* My Lord, how like you that ? This breedings right;

Nor is it altogether new, or strange.

*Sciolt.* I'd rather ever find it on his tongue,

Than

Than once believe it in his heart: a rough boy;  
 I must keep him still from sight of the Ladies;  
 It will continue him in's Innocence; hold Sir,  
 This key will lead you through the Tarris that  
 Orelooks the Orchard walke, and then you pass  
 Into an Armory, spend there your time  
 A while, and take your choyce I know the Duke  
 That owns it, will make good my gift: Will you walk  
 Sir? —

*Grid.* I pray Sir lead the way. —

*Sciol.* Nay, I beseech you Sir. —

*Grid.* I know 'tis fit, I give place to my Elders. —

*Sciol.* But I have business here, doe you think Son,  
 I'd be so much uncivil else, as not to wait upon you?

*Grid.* Well, take your course, I love to see good Ar-  
 mor. *Exit.*

*Sciol.* If I can keep him from the Ladies, I  
 Am happier than King *Priam* that had fifty Sons,  
 But sure, not one like this — *Flourish a far off.*

*Fred.* My Lord, this summons shews the Dukes are  
 come,  
 Sir, stand you here, Ile find a time for your address.

*Leads Castragano aside.*

*Enter Theander, Phylomont, Attendants.*

*Within.* Make way there, hee ! bear back, bear  
 back !

*Theander embraces and whispers Phylomont.*

*Fred.* This is *Theander* Sir, whose present sway  
*Palermo* owes allegiance too, rich in  
 His mind and fame, as in his large extent  
 Of Land, and to augment his wealth, Hee comes  
 Loaden with Spoys of frequent victories,  
 Though but i'th blossom of his life, he hath  
 Already done enough to fill a Historie,  
 And is deriv'd from th'old *Sicilian* Kings :

Him

Him I have chosen to prefer you to.

*Castra.* If I could double all my faculties,  
You have oblig'd them wholly to your use.  
What is the other Signior, whom he seems  
To court with such a fervent show?

*Fred.* Duke *Phylomont*, that neighbours to his Go-  
vernment,

And rules the Western borders of this Isle:  
All that the rich *Mazara* yields, he equals Duke  
*Theander*, in the best of's vergues, and his fate;  
And now brings too, though from a climate more  
Remote, the triumphs of a war; but yet  
If midnight howlings heard in Cities lack'd  
And fir'd, the groans of widow'd wives,  
And slaughter'd childrens shrieks can pierce the ears  
Of heaven, the Learned think their glorious Ghosts  
Will have a dismal welcome after death,  
How ever in this world 'tis good to follow 'um,  
I would not fright your nice and pious mind  
T'unprofitable fears.

*Castr.* Kind Signior doubt me not.

*Theand.* Thou breath'st into me (mighty *Phylomont*)  
No other soul but mine: my better thoughts  
Are moulded in thy breast; and could wee grow  
Together thus, our courteous hearts would not  
Be neerer, nor yet more intire; I gratulate  
Thy victories in *Spain*, thou hast undone  
A Nation with thy noble deeds, and taught  
Them how to fight by seeing frequent conquests on  
Themselves, when brave examples come too late  
To immitate, and they are left no Land  
To fight for, or defend.

*Phyl.* Renown'd *Theander*, what delight can wise  
Historians have to mention me, whilst *Naples* keeps  
The sense, or memory to mourn, thou art  
The argument of all just praise? alas,

My

My battels will be thought, when thine are nam'd :  
 But village-quarrels that poor Heardsmen make  
 To keep their Common from their Land-lords sheep.  
 My Ensigns not deserve to hang  
 As Curtains at thy Shrine, when thou shalt lie  
 Ador'd, and stil'd the Wars first Saint,  
 That taught thy Armies how to cense, not sack  
 The Citties thou hast won.

*Theand.* No more ; be these imbraces ever hearty, and  
 Renew'd, till time shall lay us both a sleep within one  
 Tombe.

*Phylom.* I am no more alive. When these  
 Shall cease, or thou absentst thy self by death——

*Theand. Sciolto,* where's my sister ( fair *Ariola* ? )  
 Me thinks her welcomes are so slow, they scarce com-  
 mend her love.

*Sciolto.* Your excellence will find  
 She'll bring such an excuse with her; as soon  
 Shall be receiv'd; the Princess *Euritheia*  
 Whom she's gone t'entreat, to honour this  
 Solemnity, they'll instantly appear.

*Theand.* That's joy indeed, the Musick of her name,  
 Salutes the eare, with sounds more cheerful and  
 More full of Triumph, then the shouts of Victory !

*Phylo.* As much doth fair *Ariola* surprize  
 My sense, with gladness, wonder and with love.

*Fred. takes Theander aside.*

*Fred.* This is the Gentleman to whom your Grace  
 Vouchsaf'd to promise Entertainment at  
 My humble sute.

*Theand.* He shall be well receiv'd :  
 Sir, you had skill to know your business needs  
 Must thrive, when you chose *Fredeline* your advocate.

*Castra.* I am the creature of your excellence—

*Enter Euritheia, Ariola.*

*Theand.* Brave *Philomont* intreat my Sister to

Forgive

Forgive a while the tendring of my love,  
Till I have breath'd it into thine.

*Phylom.* The like request.

*Theander* to my Sister make,  
Till thine have first receiv'd the righteous vows,  
And offerings of my heart——

*Euritheia runs cheerfully to imbrace Theander; Ariola  
seems to retreat a little at Phylomonts salute.*

*Castra.* Sir, our *Theander* and his Mistriss meet  
( Methinks ) with more allacrity, and free  
Consent, than *Phylomont* and his *Ariola*;  
She wears him at a careful distance from her eyes.

*Fred.* Right Sir, the first are Lovers of a pure  
Cœlestial kind, such as some stile Platonickall :  
( A new Court Epethite scarce understood )  
But all they wooe, Sir is the Spirit, Face,  
And heart, therefore their conversation is  
More safe to Fame ; the other still affect  
For natural ends.

*Castra.* As how I pray ?

*Fred.* Why such a way as Libertines call Lust,  
But peaceful Polliticks, and cold Divines  
Name Matrimony Sir ; therefore, although  
Their wise Intent be good and lawful, yet  
Since it infers much Game and Pleasure i'th event,  
In subtle bashfulness, shee would not seem  
To entertaine with too much forwardness,  
Whas shee ( perhaps ) doth willingly expect :  
Sir this is but my guesse, and I beseech  
It may remain a secret unto you.

*Castr.* Signior, my lips are seal'd.

*Theand.* O do not strive t'afflict thy tenderness  
With unkind thoughts, 'tis not the fortune of  
A day, the victors glory, when he toys  
To humble others pride, that he may swell  
His own : nor yet to lead a Nation cold

And

And naked forth; then bring them home, gay and  
 Fantastick in their Silks, sweating in Furs  
 Pontifical, as they had late  
 Like civill Judges to redress those men  
 Whom for their own relief they slew;  
 No *Euritha*, these were not the charmes  
 That have so long betrayd me from thy sight.

*Eurith.* Then I have cause to fear your weariness  
 Of love, and that would poyson my weak faculties  
 With a disease, that can admit no ease  
 To sooth my willing hope, nor cure, but death.

*Theand.* Old Pilots, when benighted, have more  
 cause

To doubt their Stars direction to their Card;  
 Or th'Adamants true friendship to their Steel,  
 Than thou, the loyalty of my strong faith. (Land

*Eurith.* Three Sommers absent from your native  
 And me, as many tedious winters too,  
 To make up time more sorrowful and long; (lieff  
 How can you fashion an excuse so well, as to expect be

*Theand.* Truth wants no power:  
 I went in search of vertuous fame, to make  
 My self more fit in noble worth,  
 For the encounter of thy love.

*Eurith.* Alas! how are you certain of my modesty  
 That you should give me such continuall cause  
 To Blush; I should find courage sure  
 To chide you for't, but that I'll minister  
 No cause to hasten your remove from hence,  
 Where I have hope my pray'rs and innocence shall keep  
 you long.

*Theand.* Els I should loose such a felicity,  
 As he that hopes for better in the other world  
 Must fast and live severely to attain't.

*Phyl.* The rugged fashion of the war hath dull'd  
 My understanding and my speech, or else

Your

Your eares ( *Ariola* ) have lately lost their wonted tenderness.

*Ario.* Sir you do willingly mistake in both :  
But 'tis because you know, you have as great  
A priviledgeto injure me, as to abuse your self.

*Phyl.* Shall I be heard then when I speak, and cheer-  
fully

A little listned to, that by degrees,  
I may recover my sick hope ?

*Ariola.* You cannot loose your vertue sir, and then  
I'm sure my courtesie will never fail :  
To promise more, would make me seem too prodigall,  
Of what-you can't in nobleness receive.

*Phylo.* The favour of your hand I may,—*Offers to kiss it*

*Ario.* That not becomes your dignity.—

*Phylo.* Indeed my bold ambition rather would  
Advance me to the sweetness of your lip.—

*Ario.* That worse becommeth mine.—

*Phylo.* Forgive me kind *Ariola* : I thrive  
By chastisement, and mean to sin no more.

*Theand.* Me thinkes since yonder building on the  
Mount,

And that large Marble square was turretted,  
The house looks pleasant, and would tempt us to  
Enjoy the Sommer in't; what says my *Phylomont* ?  
Shall we forsake the toyles o'th Camp, and here  
With triumphs celebrate the peace that wee,  
Have purchas'd and deserv'd ?

*Phylo.* I'm here *Theander* govern'd by your Laws,  
And must consent, but they are such I like.

*Theand.* Come *Euristhea* let me hasten to  
Begin my happiness : lead to the Murtle walke. —

*Exeunt all but Frede. Cast. Sciolto.*

*Fred.* My Lord make me indebted to your eares  
A while before you goe, this Gentleman  
May safely share with us i'th privacie.

*Castra.*

*Castra.* You do me honour with your trust.

*Fred.* How worthy 'tis of grief, a Prince so young,  
Endow'd with all the helps, that nature, art,  
Or fortune need to make up perfect man,  
Should wear away the happiest season of  
His strength, in tedious meditation thus,  
Severe discourses, and a cold survey,  
Of beauty that he loves, yet fears to use?

*Sciol.* Oh *Signior*! It hath forc'd me make a very  
sponge

Of my Pillow, I've wept at midnight for't,  
It is a thought too dangerous for one,  
Of's grey hayr'd friends to bear in memory.

*Fred.* His name ( if he continue ignorant  
O'th use of marriage thus ) must perish with  
Himself, and all his glorious conquests have  
Atchiev'd, be left without an heire.

*Sciol.* Right sir, for I believe those babies he,  
And *Eurithe*a do beget by gazing in  
Each other eyes; can inherit nothing,  
I mean by'th custome here in *Scicilie*,  
And as for *Plato's* Love-laws they may entaile,  
Lands on Ghosts, and shaddows for ought I know,  
I understand not Greek.

*Castra.* How fir is she inclin'd?

*Fred.* As coldly as himself.

*Castra.* Is there no way to tempt their simple loves  
to the right use?

*Fred.* My Lord I have conceiv'd a remedy  
In my own thoughts, 'tis an experiment,  
Which if your Lordships Judgment can allow,  
May meet with glad success.

*Sciol.* I'm bound to heare't.

*Fred.* There lives within *Mefina* ( three leagues  
hence )

One *Buonateste*, a Phyfitian, and

A sad

A sad Phylofopher, who though his wealth,  
Not makes him eminent, yet he is rich  
In precious vellum, and learn'd Manuscripts  
Yellow'd with age, in old disjoynted Globes,  
And crooked Mathematick Instruments,  
Enow to fill a Braziers shop, which with  
His Magazin of coles, and Stills of glafs,  
For Chimick purposes is all he hath.

*Sciol.* A very rich Alderman Phylofopher.

*Fred.* Believ't (my Lord) this Kingdom will receive  
More future fame by being honour'd with  
His birth, then by our *Aeschylus*, our *Diodore*  
Our *Gorgias*, and *Empedocles*, *Euclide*,  
And our *Archymedes*, who all took here  
Their knowledg, and their lives.

*Sciol.* Well Sir, wherein consists our present benefit?

*Fred.* This man by Art shall make him marry whom  
hee now so ignorantly Courts.

*Sciol.* That would incline much neer a Miracle.

*Fred.* Reward my care but with your Patience, and  
Observe. I'm no protector of their silly faith,  
Who think (forsooth) that Phylters mixt with hearbs;  
Or Min'rals can inforce a love, those Sir  
are Fables, made to comfort distress'd Virgins,  
That want estates to marry'um.

*Sciol.* How then Signior?

*Fred.* I say my reason thinks it possible,  
With long indeavour'd Art (where love is fix'd  
and enterchang'd already) by a free  
consent, to heat their bloods into desire,  
and nat'ral appetite; And these desires  
they both may exercise (being married Sir)  
With leave of Custom, and our Laws: You apprehend.

*Sciol.* With little labour Sir: Give me your hand,  
and let me thank you for't; for as you said,  
though Art cannot inforce a mutuall love

H

When

When it hath found a lover out, it can  
Provoke and warm him to doe notable feats:  
But by what subtle means is this perform'd?

*Fred.* He hath a rare Elixir.

*Sciol.* Well Sir, you give much reason, and some  
But in my greener years I thought no Elixir (hope:  
Like Powder'd Bief, and good round Turnips to't,  
If eaten heartily, and warm.

*Cast.* My Lord I'm your Disciple.

*Sciol.* Nay, I have found an humble Bee, pickled,  
Can do as much as your *Cantarides*:  
But who will you imploy unto this Man  
Of Art? It must be secretly design'd.

*Fred.* *Castragano*, you Sir, shall straight take horse;  
My former trust imboidens me to make  
No fitter choyce, this Letter will insinuate  
Our plot, which with five hundred Crowns that Purse  
Contains, may speed him hither ere't be night.

*Castra.* My care shall make me worthy of your love.

*Fred.* Farewel, be swift and prosperous.

*Sciol.* Ile in, and wait the Dukes commands—

*Exeunt Sciolto, Castragano, severally.*

*Fred.* This fellow hath a wondrous little skull;  
And sure, but half a soul, easie and fit  
To knead and mannage in all formes, my darke  
Contrivements shall design; but for  
My hum'rous Lord, that his old gowty feet  
Should stumble too into my snares, hath in't  
As much of fortune, as of mirth: Down, down,  
The secret troubles of my brest, I have  
Not long to mourn, if all my Arts prove safe;  
My midnight purposes are new and strange,  
But heavie headed Mules tread in the plain  
And beaten Path; The fat dul Porpoyse still  
With danger on the open water plays;  
Wise Serpents creep, in crook'd and hidden ways. *Exit.*

ACT

ACT. 2. SCEN. 1.

*Enter Fredeline, Castragano.*

*Castra.* Sir, he is come, I have divorc'd him from His Books, and found his eyes imploy'd to reconcile Old Hieroglyphicks by their shape, and then T'interpret blind half eaten Characters, Deform'd as Lock-smiths, or as Carvers tools.

*Fred.* Hath he consider'd our request, and gives Some hope we may find remedy in Art?

*Castra.* With an industrious and exact survey; But in his mighty Science slights our fears, As 'twere a thing most easie to be done.

*Fred.* My joyes (dear Sir) will grow too great for my Discretion to conceal. *Castr.* There's your Money.

*Fred.* How! would he not receiv't?

*Castr.* He says he likes your nature well, that you Could freely part with trifles of such high esteem; And for that cause he came, but will not sell The labours of his mind: Besides, profess'd, Those gilded Counters are not things he loves.

*Fred.* A Noble fellow! These Philosophick Blunt Book-Gallants, have oft their Gentry tricks Of nice honour, as well as Favorites, Whom Kings make wanton with their sudden wealth. Where have you now dispos'd him unto rest?

*Castr.* Within your Chamber Sir, and he expects Your Visitation will be straight perform'd.

*Fred.* I am all speed, dear Sir; my tongue is much Too little to express my thanks: My select Friend, Lord of my Functions and my Life, wear me With what title your indulgent memory

H 2

Shall

Shall please, so you will wear me long.—

*Castr.* This *Fredeline's* a very Saint, so meek,  
And full of courtesie, that he would lend  
The Devil his Cloak, and stand i'th rain himself.  
Sure I have suck'd some Sybits milk, I could  
Not be thus lucky else t'injoy his love. *Enter Sciolt.*

*Sciolt.* So soon return'd? your haste foretels good  
news.

*Castra.* All will succeed my Lord (I hope) as if  
You had the certain skill to make  
Your wishes prosperous; he is with *Fredeline*,  
And they expect your Interview; but look,—  
Here comes my sister, and your son; he never saw  
A woman untill now; It will be sport  
Worthy your stay, t'observe how he demeans himself.

*Sciolt.* Shee's old and poor, he may safely enough  
converse with her.

*Enter Amadine, and Gridonel; (he gazing at her.)*

*Amad.* This Gentleman wants money, brain, or sleep,  
Do you know him Brother?

*Castra.* Sweet *Amadine*, contain thy wit a while:  
He never saw a woman, use him gently.

*Grido.* This is a rare sight.  
One of the Angels sure, and a great gallant among'em,  
Had it but blew wings on the shoulders, it  
Could not be of less degree then an Angell.

*Sciolt.* I perceive nature inclines men to wonder,  
And makes'em somewhat relish too o'th fool.

*Grid.* An Angel of the better sort, some Lieutenant  
Coronel in Heaven (I take't) it can't be less.

*Sciolt.* Will he not speak to her?

*Grid.* Sure it hath wings, and they are made (I think)  
Of Camebrick and Bonelace.

*Sciolt.* A pox upon him,  
He looks, as he had stoln a Silver spoon, and it

Were found sticking in his whistle.

*Grid.* If she would fly aloft, me thinks I should so peep under her.

*Sciolt.* All these are documents of nature still.

*Grid.* Sure those I think are Petticoats, I've heard of such a word; 'tis a fine kind of wearing: My new Colours have just Taffara enough To fashion such another; would 'twere made, That I might practice how to walk in't.

*Sciolt.* I'de beat him, but that the Villain's roughly And perhaps would strike agen. (bred,

*Cast.* Speak to him *Amadine.*

*Amad.* I'm mortall Sir, no Spirit, but a Maid. Pray feel me, I am warm. —

*Grid.* Indeed forsooth I never felt a Maid.

*Amad.* Heaven keep him from Pepper and Tobacco, For's brains are grown so loose in's head, they'l run Through's nose, next time he chance to sneeze; And Dancing too will shake 'um out, it is An exercise too violent for that Disease. Sir, do you use to dance.

*Grid.* Whats that forsooth?

*Amad.* To dance Sir, is to move your Legs, as thus—

*Grid.* We use it with Wars, to march and make a halt, And sometimes we double our paces.

*Amad.* Fresh straw, and a strong chain, the Gentleman Is mad; look to him, Brother. *Exit.*

*Sciolt.* If I'd another son, I'de hardly trust Nature agen with his breeding.

*Grid.* She said she was a Maid: and I've been told A Maid's a kind of Woman, —

*Sciolt.* She is a woman sonne.

*Grid.* If women be such things, I wonder th'ency my

Do never bring their Wives against our Camp, To give us battel, sure we should all yield.

*Sciot.* Belike then you have a months mind to her.

*Grid.* O sir, she hath the prettiest pinking eyes;  
The holes are no bigger then a Pistol Bore.

*Castra.* An excellent Similie for a Painter,  
That would draw a good face.

*Grid.* Her fingers are so small, and longer then  
A Drum-stick, ah, how they'd bestir themselves  
Upon a Fife.

*Sciot.* Then you could leave the wars, and live with  
her?

*Grid.* So she would still sit by and let me gaze till my  
eyes ake.

*Sciot.* Still he's Innocent, one of *Plato's* Lovers.

*Grid.* Pray what was he?

*Sciot.* An odd Greek fellow that could write and read.

*Grid.* O belike some Clerk of a Company.

*Sciot.* If he continue's wonder thus, and Ignorance  
To ev'ry woman that he meets, I may  
Intail my Land upon the poor; hee'l not  
Be able to beget an Heir as big  
As my thumb, I must think upon some course.

*Enter Theander.*

*Theand.* My Lord *Sciot*, I had thought your white  
And rev'rend head had held this season fit  
For sleep; Night takes her swarthy Mantle up  
As she would wear it straight. What Gentleman is this?

*Sciot.* Your grace may please to own him for my child;  
His Mother Sir would justify as much  
Were she alive.

*Theand.* What, *Gridon*? Men speak him of a great  
And daring heart, and skilful how to vex  
The Foe, though he be young.

*Sciot.* Faith if the Foe put but an Apron on,  
Or get his Corslet edg'd with Flanders Purl,  
Hee'l do him little hurt.

*Theand.* You are accus'd.

My

*The Platonick Lovers*

III

(My Lord) they say you bred him to no use  
Of Books, he cannot Write, nor Read.

*Sciolt.* 'Twill keep him Sir, from entring into Bond.

*Theand.* Let us begin acquaintance Sir, the day  
May come, when you shall lead my Ensigns forth,  
And though you bring them shot and ragged home,  
Yet they'l be crown'd with Wreaths.

*Grid.* Strike up your Drums to-night then if you  
If th'Moon be froward Sir, and will not shine, (please  
Wee'l fire small Towns to light us as we march.

*Sciolt.* Mafs! I thank nature for that yet, he has  
Good mettall in him.

*Theand.* His meaning's straight and smooth, though's  
words be rough.

I like him well, you must bestow him on me.

*Sciolt.* Most gladly Sir, and let me tell your grace,  
You'll find him one of the most exquisite  
Platonick Lovers this day living; he will  
So innocently view and admire a Lady!

*Theand.* Still fitter for my use. Souldier good-  
night. *Exit.*

*Sciolt.* I must to *Fredeline*, and the Philosopher. *Exit.*

*Castr.* This woman was my Sister, *Gridonel*.

*Grid.* And did one Father make you both?

*Castr.* I Sir, and with a very little pains.

*Grid.* My Father's old and lazie now, if hee'd  
Take pains hee'd soon mak such another too  
For me; but I shall see her Sir agen?

*Castr.* Yes, when you please; she must be gently  
us'd.

*Grid.* Alas, I cannot choose. Would you would  
bring

Her to my chamber in the dead of night?

*Castr.* You must excuse me Sir, farewell. Each hour  
I'th day she may be yours.

*Grid.* I shall so dream.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*Enter Phylomont and Ariola, Rosella with Tapers,  
A Table with Night-linnen set out.*

*Ario.* Prethee unpin me wench — If I were given  
Enough to Pray'r, or Cares, I could not be  
Thus incident to sleep; take heed, you hurt me—

*Rosell.* Your Ladiship is tenderer on the Brest  
Than you were wont; I would your heart were so.

*Ariol.* Ile weare my *Tuscan* saile to morrow,  
It out: but whence that wish *Rosella*? you (smooth  
Are still complayning on my poor heart.

*Rosell.* Madam, these two long hours the noble Duke  
Hath waited at your Chamber dore.

*Ariol.* Who? my Brother.

*Rosell.* Duke *Phylomont*, who vows t'inhabit there,  
Unless you let him in.

*Ario.* Heaven comfort his sick soul:  
What does he mean, here lock these pendants up?  
The wonder of him makes me sick—Ile use  
No powder now—alas, what shall I doe?  
I dare not let him in, the season is not fit.

*Rosell.* He vows his visit shall be so precise  
And civil, that you need not counsel him,  
Nor check him with a frown.

*Ariol.* I but at night?  
Mens busie and officious tongues will talke.

*Rosell.* Introth your Ladiship's too strict; when you  
Consider too your marriage is design'd;  
If my opinion (Madam) had authority,  
No times unfit, to Lovers so far gone.

*Ariol.* You'l be his Orator? goe, let him in.

*Enter Phylmont.*

*Phylo.* Me thinks my fair *Ariola*, you keep  
Your beauty overmuch infolded and  
Conceal'd, you are a flower that would become:  
The night as sweetly as the day.

*Ariol.* You make me proud with your similitude;

But

But whilst I gain by it, your inference  
Must lose, Mary-golds now shut in their leaves.

*Phyl.* Alas poor pottage flower! *Ariola*  
Should imitate the Lilly and the Rose:  
They boldly spread themselves still open to  
The night, yet yield the Sun so fresh and sweet  
A sacrifice, that every morn he seems  
To blush at's own weak Influence, which can  
No longer keep them beautious on their stalks,  
But they must drop, and perish with the spring,  
Your precious colour, and your odor too;  
My gentle Mistris needs must yield to time.

*Ariol.* The loss will not be mourn'd for sir, since  
'twill  
Be scarce discern'd

*Phyl.* Sweet, you remove your understanding from  
my words, and make  
them of no use, their meaning would perswade  
you to enjoy this pleasant treasure, whilst  
it lasts; why are you still inclos'd thus like  
an Anchorette, as if our conversation could  
offer a sin? why am I nicely barr'd  
your Chamber, when the Priest b'ing paid for a  
few ceremonious words, must license me  
your bed; your bosome too?

*Ariol.* Our marriage sir may promise much, till  
then,  
your excellence will grant me leave not to  
admit of opportunities, that may give breath to ill  
report.

*Phyl.* Be not so cruel in your bashful care,  
My Sister makes all houres and seasons fit  
to celebrate *Theander*, and he knows  
no wrinkle on her brow, that may be call'd  
frown: O be you kind and free. — *Offers at her hand.*

*Ariol.* By your chaste vows forbear —

*Phyl.*

*Phylo.* The *ander* may embrace my Sisters hand  
 Until with warmth he melt it from the wrist :  
 Why should I have less am'rous priviledge ?  
 I have desires as bold, which will be made as lawfull too  
 e're long.

*Ariol.* The meaning of  
 Their love is only mutual wonder and applause,  
 And so proclaim'd ; therefore can stir no jealousy  
 In the severest thought, alas we must  
 Be married Sir, which may perhaps inforce  
 Your inclination to a dangerous hope.

*Phylo.* Where is thy safety then *Ariola* ?  
 This is the dismall silent time when Ravishers  
 Reach forth their trembling guilty hands to draw  
 The curtains where unpractis'd Virgins sleep ;  
 False *Tarquins* houre, when he did hide his Torch  
 From *Lucrece* eyes, and would not suffer her  
 Wak'd Beauty to eclipse that sickly flame,  
 Till she had quench'd a greater in his blood.  
 How would thy courage faint, if I should make  
 Thee subject to my eager youth and strength ?

*Ariol.* Poor *Phylomont*, if thou shouldst so forsake  
 Thy loyalty to Love, yet I were still secure,  
 And can subdue thee with my vertuous scorn ;  
 For now, though but my Cambrick Helmet on,  
 Thus thinly harness'd in my Lawne, my trivial Fan  
 My Shield, I stand the Champion of our Sex.  
 Alas ! I fain would see the proudest of  
 You bearded Tyrant men, that durst but hope  
 To force from me the least of these deshevell'd hairs,  
 Which I will still as bounteous favours weare  
 For ev'ry wanton wind to sport withall,  
 But not for you.

*Phylo.* Can you be angry ?

*Ariol.* Then you should sigh unto your self,  
 And in your own inamour'd eares distill

The soothings of your cunning tongue, whilst I  
 Enjoy the quiet of my sleep agen  
 Without disturbance, by those midnight plaints  
 Your mournful consort at my window, made,  
 Wherein you curs'd the guiltless Stars, who seem'd  
 To smile, and winke upon each other in  
 Their Sphears, as if they heedfull notice took of all your  
 feigned grief.

*Phylo.* Can you be angry my *Ariola*?  
 Or censure ought I spoke with an unkind  
 Belief? Heare but my vows.

*Ariol.* Good night —  
 Your excellence hath greater power  
 To move my sorrow than my rage.

*Phylo.* Remember gentle Love, I have your heart  
 By sacred plight, our nuptials now draw neer.

*Ariol.* I never knew the way how I might break  
 My Faith, but till that houre arrive, we must  
 Converse no more, no not at wary distance Sir,  
 The cause is hidden in my brest. Vertue  
 And Peace ( my Lord ) still govern your desires *Exit.*

*Phylo.* I shall grow mad with these delaies;  
 Sh'ath made a vow never to marry me,  
 Untill her brother seal't with his consent. Ile move  
 It to *Theander* e're I sleep. *Hymen!*  
 Goe light thy Fires, and make thy Tapers shine,  
 Or cure me sacred Love, by quenching thine. *Exit.*

*Enter Amadine with a Taper, and Theander.*

*Amad.* Not in her Bed Sir yet, I left her with  
 Her Lute, whose Musick I believe, has woo'd her to a  
 gentle sleep.

*Theand.* Tread easie then,  
 With a slow tim'rous pace, lets make less noyse  
 Than *Times* soft feet, or Planets when they move —

*Draws a Canopie;* *Euritheia* is found sleeping  
 on a Couch, a vail on, with her Lute.  
 Give

Give me the light ; now leave us and retire.

*Amad.* This is an odd kind of Lover, he comes  
Into my Ladies chamber at all houres ;  
Yet thinks it strange that people wonder at  
His priviledge. Well, opportunity  
Is a dangerous thing ; it would soon spoile me.

*Exit.*

*Theand.* Shee lies as in a shady Monument,  
Secure as pious votaries that knew  
They were forgiven e're they dy'd.

*Eurith.* Who's there ? my Lord, the Prince ?

*Theand.* O, sleep agen, and close those eyes that still  
Enlighten mine ; till I have merited  
The beauty of their beams, by blessings, such,  
As loves religious Priests doe give,  
This sacred office would become me well :  
'Tis not a robe of Lawn, a hallow'd Verge,  
Nor flowry Chaplets nicely wreath'd, can add  
Prosperity to Prayers, or to Vowes,  
No formal Pomp, or Ceremony needs  
To wishes that are clean and humbly made.

*Eurith.* *Theander* sit, where have you been so long ?  
'Las, wherefore do I ask, since I  
So lately found you in my dream ?

*Theand.* Unvail my love—when this is but displaid  
Thou openst like a fragrant bud before  
The mornings eye, whilst all that's neer thee is  
Perfum'd, thy breath converts me to a flowre,  
Weare me within thy bosom ( Virgin friend )  
And I shall last in odour all the yeare.

*Eurith.* Thou art *Theander*, and that name includes  
The sweetness of the Spring and Sommers wealth.

*Theand.* Thou art not *Eurith*, but my Rose,  
My sober bashful flowre, and I  
Thy wanton Woodbine that must grow about  
Thee in embracements thus, untill thou art  
Intangled with chaste courtesies of love.

*Eurith*

*Eurith.* This is a happiness too great to last,  
 Envie or Fate must lessen it, or we  
 Remove 'mongst the eternal Lovers, and  
 Provide our habitation neer the stars!  
 My wonder grows upon me like my joy, O *Theander*!

*Theand.* What saies my *Cherubine*?

*Eurith.* How shall I give my estimation words,  
 When it would vauw thee that art the warrs  
 Chief Souldier, best example and delight?  
 So bold, thou dar'st seek danger in a storm,  
 When all the winds prepare to quarrel in  
 The Ballick Sea; yet thou art milder then  
 A captive Saint, so pittiful that I  
 Have seen thee weep o're the distress'd, till thou  
 Mightst give a name to Rivers as their spring.

*Theand.* And thou ( my Love ) art sweeter far,  
 Then Baulmy Incense in the purple smoak,  
 Pure and unspotted, as the cleanly Ermine, ere  
 The Hunter sullies her with his pursuit,  
 Soft as her skin, chaste as th' Arabian bird,  
 That wants a sex to woe, or as the dead,  
 That are divorc'd from warmth, from objects, and from  
 thought.

Still *Eurith* I could multiply thy praise,  
 Yet still prove loyal unto truth;  
 When I embrace thee thus, I straight forget,  
 As weak delights, the days of victory,  
 And glories of the warr.

*Eurith.* But when you heare the Drum, and the shrill  
 Trumpet call;  
 You'l mount your angry Steed agen, and haste  
 To live confin'd in Trenches, to exchange  
 Your marble Palace for a Tent, whilst I  
 Like a distress'd sad Turtle, am ordain'd  
 To mourn without a mate.

*Theand.* Doe not afflict me with thy jealous fears;  
 I'm

I'm come to tell thee ( Love ) to morrow in  
Th' adjoyning Grove, Ile meet thee like  
A Shepherd, such as fair *Arcadia* bred,  
That with variety our old delights,  
May still seem new.

*Enrith.* A Lovers wish,  
Can imp the houres short wings, and hasten time,  
Look up *Theander*, it is day.

*Theand.* Where should I look ?  
Thou dost mistake the sphear, and residence  
O'th morne : let early village Labourers,  
And dull benighted Sea-men do their homage to  
The East for light, the Region of our day  
We seek like Lovers in the fairest eyes.

*Enrith.* If you should look in mine, twill still seem  
night.

*Theand.* To bed to bed : me think I heare the Larke,  
The Mornings merry Officer ; and see  
Him shake his dewie wings, as he would strive  
To climbe high as his cheerful voyce.

*Enrith.* The best that Poets wishes can invent,  
Or Lovers prayers procure, thy sleepes enjoy.

*Theand.* And thine, that precious harmony  
dwells.

With quiet Hermits in their narrow cells.

*Exe. several Wayes.*

*Enter Buonateste, Sciolto, Fredeline, and Castragano.*

*Buonat.* I say ( my Lord ) your business doth con-  
cerne

The blood, and not the Eyes ; and since 'tis late,  
It were abuse of time to read long lectures  
Of the *Opticks*, to tell you their consent  
And unite, or shew you through a perspective  
How *Amorists* oppos'd in level to  
Each other sight, unite and thridd their beams,  
Untill they make a mutual string, on which

The

Their spirits dance into each others brain,  
And so begin short Journeys to the heart;  
Or to reveal the shape and colour of  
Those spirits too, that were a miracle,  
Worthy sublime, and powerful Art!

*Sciol.* Their Colour's Orange Tawny Sir, as I conceive.

*Buon.* Your Lordship can conceive no more, than your

Weak knowledge will give leave.

*Fred.* To him Doctor.

*Buon.* Nor do I think it can concern you much,  
Whether the nerval Conjugations be  
But seven, and of that mystlick number too,  
Whether the *Opticks* be the chief.

*Sciol.* For your seven Conjugations sir, you shall  
Excuse me, but beleev't, the seven wise Masters  
Is a Volume I read much in my Youth.

*Buon.* Your Lordship gives good proof of't in your  
age:

But yet you never heard sir of the fam'd

*Antipheron*, whom once the learned *Stagerite*

Admir'd so for the self-reflection that

He wore like to his perfect Image still where he mov'd:

*Sciol.* No more, my good wise friend, thou hast

My wonder, that's enough; my understanding

Shall come after, but not till I am dead,

For then they say wee shall know all things

Without paying for our Books.

*Buon.* There is the powder Sir.

*Fred.* Give it to my care.

*Buon.* The Duke must take it in his draught to  
night.

To morrow, as the Sun increaseth in

His power, it works; at noon you'll see pure Miracles,

*Fred.* My Lord, 'tis fit our *Castragano* give

It

It him: he takes a rowse of Corfick wine  
Still e're he sleepes; he waiting in his chamber  
May fitly mingle and present it to him — *Castra takes*

*Castr.* Ile use my safest diligence. *(the paper.)*

*Sciol.* Where is he now?

*Castra.* With *Euritheia* Sir; he hath not call'd.

*Sciol.* Staies he so long? 'tis now i'th' ken of day.

Signior *Buonateste*, have you no more  
Of this rare Magical stuffe?

*Buon.* Another *Doce*; I came provided Sir.

*Sciol.* Pray give it me.

*Buon.* Most willingly, but to whom will you dispos't?

*Sciol.* Unto no other but my Son: I find  
Hee's very much Platonically given.

*Buon.* My Lord, I still beseech you not to wrong  
My good old friend *Plato*, with this court calumnies;  
They father on him a Fantastick Love  
Hee never knew, poor Gentleman, upon  
My knowledge sir, about two thousand years  
Agoe, in the high street yonder  
At *Athens*, just by the corner as you pass  
To *Diana's* Conduit (a Haberdashers house)  
It was (I think) he kept a wench.

*Sciol.* How sir, a wench?

*Buon.* I could say more, my friend was lewdly given.

*Sciol.* But with your favour Sir, a plump brown wench?

*Buon.* Faith Authors differ about that; some write  
Shee had a Flaxen haire, and others too,  
That did not blush to know more private marks;  
Say she had a Mole under her left thigh:  
Others a hollow Tooth, that put him to  
The charge of Cloves, because her breath grew some-  
what troublesome.

*Fred.* Give me thy hand

Doctor; Ile have some share too in thy heart  
E're long; But did not *Plato* write of Love

*Buon.* Divinely Sir, but not such kind of Love  
As Ladies would have now, they mistake him.

*Sciolt.* He wrote in Greek, Doctor.

*Buon.* True, my good Lord.

*Sciolt.* Why then belike my Son mistakes him too;  
He understands no Greek; this *Dase* shall conjure him,  
We give't him strait. Come Sir, the night decays  
Apace, let me direct you to your bed.

*Buon.* Your Lordships kindness honors me too much.

*Fred.* My jolly dear Philosopher, good-night. *Exeunt*  
Sir, you have found with what (*Sciolt* and *Buon*,  
assur'd and confident

A soul I give you Interest in all  
My business, and my thoughts.

*Castr.* Signior, I plead no merit but your bounty.

*Fred.* And now under the same protection of  
your friendship and your trust, I must reveal  
a secret that doth oft inforce me walk  
With arms enfolded thus, still to combine  
and fasten in my ribs, lest it should split  
My brest; and you shall know it Sir, I love,  
Curs'd Fate that I must utter it) I love  
the Princess *Euritheia*. *Castr.* Signior (indeed)  
this will deserve to be a secret, and securely kept.

*Fred.* So love her Sir, that men  
fierce conspiracy, despair, or want,  
joy more quiet sleeps than I; and since  
am declin'd much into weakness, and  
unpleasant yeers: you see what narrow hopes  
are left to give my furious appetite success.

*Castr.* Introth 'tis pitty Sir.

*Fred.* There you express'd the charitie  
and melting nature of a Friend, and may  
administer redress, for it will much  
reflect within your power.

*Castr.* You cannot want it then; but Sir, it seems pre-  
As posterous I And

And strange to my dull brain, that since  
Your love doth force you wish her to your self,  
You strive by marriage to bestow her on  
The Duke, and with such heartiness and care.

*Fred.* In this your friendship is agen conjur'd,  
I do beseech you never seek the end  
Of that misterious cause; some Salt I have  
That shews th' *Italian* humour in my Blood.  
I not affect to compass my designs  
The Vulgar way.

*Castr.* But how can I redress your grief?

*Fred.* Your Sister *Amadine*, is in affection and attendance, neer  
The Princess person and her mind, she may  
By your entreaty render me in such  
A Character of cunning praise, as shall  
Advance me to her love perhaps, at least,  
To a refreshing of my sick desires.

*Castr.* Shee's bound in Conscience Sir, to do good Offices.

*Fred.* But wilt thou charm thy Sister with all force  
Of thy affinity and words, to be my friend,  
Indear us so, that I may whisper my  
Own cause, and teach her mediate my access?  
This must be done to morrow, for delays  
Will make my grief too dangerous to bear.

*Castr.* To morrow doubt it not, my Functions shall  
Intirely be imploy'd to your best use.

*Fred.* I had almost forgot the Med'cine; it  
Is late, and time 'twere working in his draught:  
Farewel: Command me to the losse of Fame,  
Of Treasure, and of Life dear *Castragano*,  
Be but benign, and chain me as thy slave.

*Exeunt severall*

*Enter Philomont, Arnolde, and Jaspero with lights.*

*Phyls.* I thought t'have found him safe in's quiet rest.

*With*

With's Curtains drawn ere this. Is it his use to stay so long?

*Arnol.* The visits he presents unto your Graces Sister,

Though at night, are never hastily perform'd.

*Jaſper.* Times gowtie leggs may tire, if he run on  
Untill ſuch true and faithful Lovers finiſh their diſ-  
course,

As wearifome and long.

*Arnol. Jaſpero,* that's the morn  
Which ſo inflameth yonder Cloud.

*Jaſp.* Is it your Graces will, we go and trie to haſten  
his approach?

*Phyl.* Pleaſe you to truſt

Me here alone, Ile ſtay his coming Sir,

My buſineſs aſks a private conference. — *Exeunt Ar.*

My Siſter is ſo bounteous of her love, (*mol. Jaſpero,*

And gives her favours with ſuch bold neglect

Of Fame, but that I knew the pure and chaſte  
Condition of her ſoul, I ſhould grow vex'd

With jealous fears. *Ariola* will not vouchſafe  
To uſe me ſo.

*Enter Theander.*

*Theand.* My *Phylomont*, this is a ſeaſon when  
Your viſit would import ſome great affair  
That carries haſte or wonder in't.

*Phyl.* You have a Miſtris Sir, preſerves  
Your ſpirits full of Fire, your glad heart keeps  
Eternal triumph in her cloſe warm throne,  
Whiſt mine increaſeth not in joyes, but weight,  
Tis heavy Sir, if it continue ſo  
I will break the ſtrings. Your froward Siſter.

*Theand.* Will ſhe not love? I'm ſure her Beautie  
was

Ordain'd for no felicity but Love.

Her sweetness and her forms, though she were lesse  
Ally'd unto my nature, would proclaim it to the  
world.

*Phyl.* Sir, she hath banish'd me.

*Theand.* Upon what rock or promont, Was she  
by

A Scythian nours'd, that she is grown so cruel?  
It cannot be.

*Phyl.* Th'affliction will not long indure  
(I hope) because you may repeal the doom.

*Theand.* You are assur'd my *Phylomont*, I needs  
Must strive to further love; what shall I do?

*Phyl.* Give your consent, that I may marry her.

*Theand.* How! marry her! Your souls are wedded Sir,  
I'm sure you would not marry bodies too,  
That were a needles charge. Come, you shall save  
Your Bridal Feasts, and Gloves.

*Phyl.* This mirth Sir, is a little too remote  
From th'answer I should have.

*Theand.* Blame my conception then; I understand  
You not: To what purpose would you marry her?

*Phyl.* Why Sir? to lie with her, and get children.

*Theand.* Lie with my Sister *Phylomont*! how vile  
And horridly that sounds! I prethee sleep  
A while, 'tis thy distemper, and I pardon it: full Sir

*Phyl.* This is strange, being married, is't not law

*Theand.* I grant it may be Law, but is it comely?  
Reduce thy reason to a cleaner Sense,  
Think on't a noble way. You two may live,  
And love, become your own best arguments,  
And so contract all vertue, and all praise:  
Be ever beauteous, fresh, and young, at least  
In your belief; for who can lessen, or  
Defile th'opinion which your mutual thoughts  
Shall fervently exchange? and then you may

Beget reflections in each others eyes,  
So you increase not children, but your selves  
A better, and more guiltless progenie;  
Those immaterial creatures cannot sin.

*Phyl.* But who shall make men Sir, shall the world  
cease?

*Theand.* I know not how th'are made, but if such  
deeds

Be requisite, to fill up Armies, Villages,  
And Citie shops; that killing, labour, and  
That couz'ning still may last: know *Phylomont*,  
I'd e rather Nature should expect such course  
And homely drudgeries from others than from me.

*Phyl.* And yet you had a Father Sir.  
But why do I tell him so? that was  
His Mothers fault not his. This is mad doctrine.  
He bid your excellence good-night, but first  
He leave this information in your ear;  
You'l find your Sister of my mind, she fain would mar-  
rie too.

*Theand.* Oh prodigie! belike  
He understands then what it means, wrong not  
A Ladie Sir, whose innocence is such,  
She wears no blushes for her self, but you.  
Leave me, although our friendship Sir be great,  
My patience is too little to subdue  
My rage, to Bed my gentle *Phylomont*,  
thou art guiltless. thou wilt sleep.

*Phyl.* He take your counsel Sir,  
The morning may reclaim us both. *Exit.*

*Theand.* O poor *Ariola*, where hast thou chang'd  
thy bashful vertue for unchaste desires?  
thy ears are blister'd with lascivious breath,  
thy understanding is become thy crime;  
thall not know thee when I meet thee next,  
thy very soul is sullied, and thy blood

That ran so pure, will now grow black with Sin,  
Till't make thy beauty like an Æthiops skin. *Exit.*

# ACT 3. SCEN. I.

*Enter Theander, Ariola.*

*Ariol.* Your looks are clouded Sir, I fear your health  
Is alter'd, or your mind perplex'd.

*Theand.* Your looks, *Ariola*, will shortly too decay  
Whilst by their strange and early perishing  
Your former Beauty must be quite forgot,  
Like sullen Roses that would wither on  
The Bough, e're thoroughly blown, e're gather'd for  
The Still; so lose all memory that they were ever sweet

*Ariol.* I need instructions what you would infer.

*Theand.* Have you no secret sickness in your blood?

*Ariol.* Not that I feel, nor do I think my Prayers  
So vainly made, that I should perish yet.

*Theand.* Have you not heard of late some new di-  
course,

Such as inflam'd you to desire strange practises  
Of heat, trials of Youth, I know not what  
They are; but Nature oft doth put odd tricks  
On young and curious fools, which still  
The bashful may resist. *Ariol.* If to be ignorant.  
Be safe, I am to learn Sir what you mean.

*Theand.* Indeed! look up, and with a Virgin countenance  
Contemn th'inrag'd severeness in my brow, (den)  
By urging that for truth without a blush.

*Ariol.* Alas, you have amaz'd me Sir, but I  
Dare look i'th face of heaven, write all my willing fault  
And stand unvail'd whilst they are read.

*Theand.* Perhaps she is abus'd. *Ariola*,  
Pray tell me the request you sent by *Phylomont*;  
I know not how I understood it then,

But sure t'hath troubled all my powres.

*Ariol.* I sent you none but what was good and law-ful.

*Theand.* Are you become so wise  
In wickedness, to chuse offences that  
The laws protect? Th'ambitious in the worlds  
First Age invented them to gather wild  
And wandring Nations into Towns and Forts:  
And so rais'd Common-wealths, for their own pride  
To rule, those cunning Scriblers knew that Laws  
Make Subjects, and tame Slaves, not virtuous Men;  
Live thou as not to know or need their use.

*Ariol.* I can be farther justifi'd, for my request  
Was fit and modest too.

*Theand.* Then you may name't.

*Ariol.* I gave him leave fairly to question your con-  
sent,  
That wee might marrie Sir.

*Theand.* Doe you already know what that word  
means?

*Ariol.* Your Judgement had sufficient cause to blame  
My breeding else: I have been often told  
It's sacred Institution, and the use  
For which it was first ordain'd.

*Theand.* The use, *Ariola*? Sh'ath rarely profitted  
Since my long absence from her at the Campe:  
Who read these Lectures in your eare? If't were  
A woman, sure, she fastned on her Maske  
To hide her blushes whilst shee talk'd.

*Ariol.* In my weak judgement sir, you are too nice  
And make uncomely misterie of that  
Which both the learned and the noble have  
Allow'd and taught; and such as vestals may  
Discourse, yet not be banish'd from their holy lamp.

*Theand.* But to remain a vestall still (*Ariola*)  
To live in sweet unskilful virgin-hood,

The Angels life, for they no sexes know,  
But ever love in Meditation, not in Act.  
Ha! is not this a sweetness far beyond,  
The pleasures that our appetites create?

*Ariol.* Sir, it is excellent and free, but I  
Am told, the next degree of happiness,  
The married challenge, and enjoy.

*Thean.* O she is lost! I will  
Goe weep into the Sea, and sooner hope  
To find my unmix'd teares upon my cheek  
Agen, than her perverted heart reclaim'd  
Unto her former innocence. Reach me  
Your hand; you are my prisoner now, and must  
Be kept from sight of Men.

*Ariol.* Sir, though I cannot learn m<sup>r</sup> offence, yet I  
Shall soon be taught t<sup>o</sup> obey.

*Theand.* If since thy late perversion thou hast left  
But one acquaintance in sweet heaven, that dares  
Besfriend thy Orizons, kneel to him strait.

*Ariol.* Though you are cruel grown, you cannot  
want

My tender wishes, that your angry thoughts.  
Be to their peaceful harmony restor'd.

*Exit. Thean. seems to lock her in.*

*Theand.* Yet am I not left desolate, to mourn  
With single grief, this ruin'd Virgins fate:  
My *Earthsea* when she heares of her  
Revolt, will sigh her piteous soul away to ayre.

*Enter Phylom.*

*Phyl.* *Theander* I am come to learn. If yet  
Your temper can with kind, discreet civillity,  
Return an answer to my suit?

*Theand.* Sir y<sup>e</sup> have undone a noble Mayd, one nurs'd  
In such severe behaviour of her minde,  
So meek and humble in desires, she seem'd  
Much fitter for a Gloister then a Court;

But

But now she aymes at liberty and change.

*Phyl.* What I have taught her fir, Hermits and Nunnes

Might in their dying minutes listen to  
Without disquiet to their parting souls;  
And things less chaste I know, she would not heare.

*Theand.* Take heede my Princely friend? Doe not augment

Thy crime, by owning as thy knowledge, what  
Is yet, but the mistake of thy belief;  
I had a hope thy vain conceptions would  
Be mended much by sleep.

*Phyl.* Well, Ile be brief.

Your Sister I would marry fir, and then  
As Lords and Princes use, that love their wives,  
Ly with her.

*Theand.* You are too Masculine?

Name not those words agen: you blast me with  
Your breath, poor Ruffians in their drink, that dwell  
In Suburbe Allies, and in smoaky Lanes,  
Are not so rude; leave me: My anger may  
Undoe us both.

*Phyl.* *Theander*, can you think  
To fright me hence; or is it safe to chide  
Me from my business with bold words? I would  
Be better usde; tell me (I pray) is this  
All the fit answer my demands shall have?

*Theand.* All fir, and more then I can patiently  
Allow, your conversation never could be less esteem'd.

*Phyl.* I feare your noble reason is diseas'd,  
Where I have lov'd, affliction makes me pittifull,  
And where I pittie, I can nere intend  
Revenge: farewell injurious Prince, but know,  
If I can get your Sisters kinde consent,

Ile not endeavour yours.

*Theand.* Goe not deluded with that trivial hope:

She

She is my prisoner lock'd and inclos'd,  
From all address that force or opportunity  
Would make, thou shalt behold her face no more.

*Phyl.* Hah ! imprison'd ! I sooner would cage up  
The little Bird, that sung a *Requiem* or'e  
My Mothers Hearse : the sad domestick *Red breast*, or  
The courteous *Wren*, that strew'd with Cypress leaves  
Th'unburied Pilgrim in the field : examine sir,  
Your troubled memory. It cannot be.

*Theand.* You'l find it most expedient, and a truth.

*Phyl.* Imprison her ! her beauty will break forth.  
You may as soon in Chrystal Jayles confine  
The Sunns resulgent Beams, climbe heaven, reach down  
A Starr, and in a Lanthorne shut it, as imprison her !

*Theand.* This iteration will  
But vex us both. Farewel ! you may believe't  
At leasure sir, time will perswade you to't.

*Phyl.* *Theander*, stay ; marke how I cancel all  
Th'affection, merit, and the glorious vows,  
Wee interchang'd in war, the parting tears  
Wee shed, when in the day of battel our  
Bold troops wee did divide against the Foe :  
And those embraces made, when met agen,  
Joy'd and exalted with our victorie,  
Are now eternally forgot.

*Theand.* I should lament this loss, had you preserv'd  
Your vertue still, and puritie of heart.

*Phyl.* Till three round journees of the Sun expire,  
He give thee leisure to repent, but then  
Release thy Sister to her free converse,  
And publike view, or I will spread my Ensignes here,  
And 'gainst thy Pallace fix my Cannon, till  
I batter it to dust.

*Theand.* Poor *Phylomont*, how I neglect thy furie  
when it dares  
Inkind'e mine ? If Fate resolve, wee that

In forraign Climes made others mourn, so soon  
Must bleed at home; yet e're wee part, let us  
Salute like civil Enemies — Farewel.

When next we meet, 'twill be in danger, noyse,  
And sulph'rous smoke; for *Enrithen's* sake,  
Thy Fetters shall be Silver, and thy Bonds of Silk.

*Phyl.* And for *Ariola's*, if thou shalt fall  
Beneath my Sword, I will imbalme thee with my Tears;  
My eyes grow moist with pittie of our Fates.

*Theand.* And mine with sorrow melt so fast a way,  
I shall be left in darkness if I stay. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Castragano, Fredeline, and Amadine.*

*Castr.* This *Gridonel* is young and simple sir,  
Admires all women with a tame extasie.  
And then my Sister *Amadine* (you know)  
Hath a most pure contriving Wit; if wee  
Could get him marrie her, it were a stratagem  
Would make us rich and famous.

*Fred.* But will you bring her to him now?

*Castr.* That's our design.

*Fred.* Hast thou o'rewatch'd thy self? art mad?

*Castr.* Why Signior?

*Fred.* 'Tis past the time two houres, when by our  
great

Physitians date, the Med'cine 'gan to worke.

I doe believe, the Duke e're this hath felt

Some sudden difference in his Mayden blood:

And *Gridonel*, I'm sure, drunke his full share;

'Twill work him to such furie, he will ravish

Thy poor Sister, nay eate her up, not leave

A morsel big enough to bear her name,

Or memorie that such a creature was.

*Castr.* Shee's old, and tough, and will be sure to put  
Him Sir to th'trial of his teeth; but I

Had quite forgot, he took the Med'cine, wee

Must chuse some other time.

*Fred.*

*Fred.* As for your sisters marriage  
Sir, with *Gridonell*, trusts my plots, such I  
Have laid, as shall joyn hearts and hands, then straight  
Bring 'um to bed I think sir, shee desires no more.

*Castr.* Sir you oblige us with new benefits.

*Fred.* Some 'cause you'l have to say so now, read  
that——

'Tis a Commission I procur'd the Duke  
This morning sign, which gives you a company  
In's Regiment garrison'd at *Mesina* :

So you are now my friend and Captain *Castragano*.

*Castr.* The latter adds to my renew, sir, the first to  
my content.

*Fred.* Have you imploy'd your Sister *Amadine* in my  
behalf?

*Castra.* Sir, there shee stands, readie to execute  
All you injoyn, to th'hazard of her life.

*Fred.* Sweet *Amadine*, your kindness can excuse  
An olde sinner, whose fraile, weak flesh, Nature  
Intending to keep long, a little hath  
O're-season'd with her salt, I would be glad  
Sometimes to be refresh'd; I know you hold  
The Princess in your power; will you indeere  
Mee to her faire esteem, procure me such  
Address as may be oportune and fit?

*Amad.* Sir, I've already mov'd your praises with  
Some vehemence; it prospers too, as far  
As good opinion of your person and your parts.

*Fred.* And is there hope wee may converse, by  
Star,

Or Moon-light, yet be so maydenlie to call  
To have the Curtains drawn?

*Amad.* This sir, with good endeavour may be done.

*Fred.* Then cough and make a noise, till wee  
Grow wittie in our fears, and break small Jest,  
Laugh out agen, and lift the apron up  
To stifle laughter, till't be crush'd into )

A grave and silent smile.

*Amad.* But meaning fir no harm.

*Fred.* And whisper close, till in the dark, the lips  
Be oft mistaken for the ears, and then  
Laugh out, and wake the Posset-eating Nurse.

*Amad.* Still meaning fir no harme?

*Fred.* None I protest, mine's pure Platonick Love.

*Castra.* My Sister Signior is inquisitive,  
Guilty of my offence, she ask'd mee e're  
You came, why you indeavour'd thus to have  
The Lady married to another, whom you meant to  
love?

*Fred.* That's the Platonick way; for so  
The Bals, the Banquets, Chariot Canopie,  
And quilted Couch, which are the places where  
This new wise Sect do meditate, are kept;  
Not at the Lovers, but the Husbands charge,  
And it is fit; for marriage makes him none,  
Though shee be still of the Society.

*Amad.* And may besides her husband, have  
A sad Platonickall servant to help her meditate.

*Fred.* All modern best Court Authors do allow't.

*Amad.* You give good light into the business fir.

*Fred.* Were *Euritheia* married, I would teach  
Her the true Art, she is unskillfull yet.

*Amad.* *Hymen* may burne his Taper to a snuffe  
Before wee see her wedding day; there's nothing comes  
So seldome in *Theanders* thought.

*Fred.* But are you serious?

*Amad.* I've newly dress'd her like a Shepherdess;  
And hee i'th old Arcadian habit meets  
Her strait, to whine and kisse, that's all they doe.

*Fred.* How? 'tis two full hours since the prefix'd time  
Our Artist did prescribe his Charme should operate;  
I hope he hath not us'd us thus. *Castraganio*,  
Captain, I'd forgot: dear fir, hasten, and see

How

How it doth worke with *Gridonell* :  
 You gentle Mistris, shall conduct mee to  
 Some covert in the grove, where I may best  
 Observe *Theander* and his talk; it will concern me much.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Arnoldo, Jasperso, Gridonell.*

*Arnol.* This creature you so much admire, is but  
 The Princess woman Sir.

*Jas.* A very creature, and doth serve.

*Grid.* Would I might serve her, Gentlemen; I long  
 To weare a Fan, I have a tossing Feather  
 In my chamber as broad as a Sycamore tree,  
 It will make two dozen of Fans.

*Arnol.* But for what uses could you serve a woman?

*Grid.* Instead of rearing a square Sconse, I'd learn  
 To raise up Paste; and then for push o' Pike,  
 Practise to poke a Ruffe.

*Jas.* These qualities will make your wages Sir,  
 At least four Marks a year.

*Grid.* My Corp'rall shall serve too.  
 It is an honest fellow, and a Lover;  
 He may wash bucks, and scowre dishes; instead of Ar-  
 mour,

*Arnol.* Is he a Lover too?

*Grido.* O I! he loves women; dares talke and han-  
 dle'em:

And would tell such pretty tales of a  
 Fine gentle damsell that he knew.

*Jas.* What was she?

*Grido.* I never saw her sir, but she boyld Chestnuts,  
 And sold bloat herring in the Leaguer.

*Arnold.* There are waies left for you to compass

*Amadine,*

Better then service: you should woe and win her.

*Grido.* Pray Gentlemen, how doe they use to woe?

*Arn.* Why, with fine language.

*Grido,*

Grid. What's that fir, French?

Jas. French is indeed the smoothest and most prosperous.

Grido. Alas? I can speak none, but a few words  
We use i'th warr, as at our court de Guard,  
We cry, *Que va la.*

Arnol. That fir, will serve  
When you shall meet your Mistres in the darke.

Grido. And then after a battaile *Randee vants.*

Jas. That may be us'd fir, when shee's obstinate,  
And will not yield to love.

Grid. This is all my fine language.

Jas. Women are woo'd with Musick too?

Grid. Will the Drum and Trumpet serve, with sad  
songs  
Set to'em, to the tune of a dead March?

Arnol. Yes, at the Fun'ral of a Generals wife;  
But there is yet another means, they oft  
Are woo'd by letters elegantly penn'd.

Grid. I, you are happy that can write and read,  
I was taught once to set my marke to a Shoo-makers  
Bill.

*Enter Castraganio.*

Castr. Arnolde, do's this Soldiers humor last?

Arnol. Still more, hee's grown demurer than  
A young Geneva Bride; commits Idolatrie  
To every Lawndress in the house, and dares  
Not speak to'um, but with his hat in's eies.

Castr. Belike the Med'cine hath not wrought; Ile  
lead

Him to my Sister: Follow fir, this is  
The blessed houre, wherein you shall behold  
Faire Amadine, and court her too,

Grid. Good Gentlemen, pray goe and beare mee  
out:

But teach me how to weare my Cloak, and when

I should pull on my Gloves.——

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Fredeling, Sciolto, Buonateſte.*

*Fred.* Wee are undone : I found him lying in  
A Poplar ſhade, with colder thoughts about him,  
Than old *Carthuſians* have when they are ſick,  
Leſs apt for our venereal Love than *Muſcovites*  
Benighted when they travel on the Ice.

*Sciolto.* And workes ſo little with my Son, he ſtands  
Moping and fix'd, as he were to be ſold  
To a Stone-cutter for a Marble ſtatue.

*Buon.* My Lord, I'm loſt in my aſtoniſhment,  
Some envious Spirit checks my Art, it was  
Not wont to faile the ſtricteſt minute given,  
To make the virtue and effect appear.

*Sciolto.* This is the Powder that you priz'd ſo high,  
As 'twere a grated Carbuncle, or that  
Long Diamond pounded which the *Sultan* weares upon  
his thumb.

*Fred.* Where's your Phyloſophie : your ſtrong  
deep Art,  
That piercing through the Center, would look down  
To Hell, there number all the Fiends, and take  
Account, how many load of Coales is every year  
Allow'd for their expenſe ?

*Sciolto.* Yes ſir, and when the Sun  
Is blown out by a ſtrong Northerly wind,  
You'd undertake agen to light him with  
A Torch heav'd up by a long *Jacobs* ſtaffe.

*Buon.* My Lord, I ſmile at theſe vain injuries  
You doe to Art, not mee, 'tis fitter for  
Your wonder than your mirth ; but take your courſe.

*Fred.* Since your great Maſter *Ariſtotle* dy'd,  
( Who fool'd the drunken Macedon out of  
A thouſand Talents to buy Books ) what have  
The multitude of ſlearn'd ſucceſſors done,  
Wrote Comments on his workes ; light ! I could beat

You

You all, have you so many Ages toyl'd  
I interpret what he writ in a few yeares?  
Is there yet nothing new, to render benefit  
For humane life, or strength in reason for  
Our after hopes? Why, doe wee build you Colledges?

*Sciolt.* Yes, and allow'um Pensions too, that they  
May scribble for no end, but to make Paper deare.

*Buon.* For one unluckie scape in knowledge, must  
suffer all this tyranny?

*Sciolt.* You studie Physick too?

*Fred.* Hee knows to cure sick Chickens o'the Pip.

*Sciolt.* I'd fain see one of that profession live  
five hundred years without loss of a tooth.

*Fred.* No Sir, they'l suffer ruine and decay  
in their own bodies for examples sake,  
that others may fall sick and make'um rich.

*Sciolt.* Right *Fredeline*, for notwithstanding, all  
their Min'rals and their hearbs, wee must be faine  
at last to betake our selves to the wide yawne,  
Grinning, and the long stretch.

*Buon.* You make all knowledge  
but deception sir, and Cheaters of the learn'd Phyloso-  
phers.

*Fred.* Troth little les, the merry *Fop* of *Thrace*,  
that alwaies laugh'd, pretending, 'twas at vanity;  
his, 'twas his disease, going to steale  
Luthrooms for his supper, the blew mouth'd Serpent  
skulkd

under a Dock leaf; and bit him by the thumb,  
from whence hee took that laughing Maladie.

*Sciolt.* And his *Antagonist* would ever seeme  
to weepe out of a pious cause, a fine  
Assembling fellow, 'twas not sorrow made him weep.

*Buon.* No sir, make that appeare.

*Sciolt.* Ile shew a Manuscript, now kept i'th Vati-  
can that proves

K

Hee

Hee had nine years a Fistula in's eie.

*Fred.* Meere coun'ners all.

*Sciolt.* As for *Diogenes*, that fasted much,  
And took his habitation in a Tub,  
To make the world believe hee lov'd a strict  
And severe life, hee took the diet fir,  
And in that very Tub, swet for the French disease.

*Fred.* And some unlearn'd Apothecarie since,  
Mistaking's name, call'd it *Cornelius Tub*. (spleens,

*Bron.* My noble friends, make much still of your  
Tickle your selves with strawes, if you want sport,  
I shall have my revenge e're long. (Son too:

*Sciolt.* I think y'have poyson'd the Duke, and my  
If it be found, Ile cut your throat so wide  
Open, that when you take your Mornings draught,  
You shall goe neer to spill your drinke.

*Bron.* My Lord, I scorn your calumnies;  
Ile to *Messina*, and contemne you both. *Exit.*

*Sciolt.* My fears mis-give mee *Fredeline*: if he  
Should now take horse, and leave us here to own  
Histrecherous fact, that were a fine Phylosophie:

*Fred.* Unless he have the subtle art to flie, wee'l  
overtake him;

He shall not stir, untill we know his med'cines quality. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Theander like a noble Shepherd.*

*Theand.* Three wearie circuits of the Sun expir'd,  
Fierce *Phylomont* and I shall meet  
To know the difference of our Stars, till then  
Ile practise Rites of Love: My *Euritha* must  
Not know our anger, nor the cause. Come forth  
My Princely Shepherdess, and leave thy Lambs  
(Less gentle then thy self) whilst wee a while

*Enter Euritha like a Shepherdess.*  
Grow pensive in this gloomy shade.

*Eurith.* Why should we hide our selves *Theander*  
from

The free discoveries of the light, that know  
Not guiltiness to cause a bashful fear.

*Theand.* This green and fragrant pällace tempts our  
stay,  
Here sit, where Nature made the sharper scented Brier,  
And luscious Jasmine meet to qualifie  
And reconcile their diff ring smells within  
The hummie woodbines weak and slender arms, sit neer-  
er, we are  
Too remote —

*Eurith.* How, my *Theander*, am I still subdu'd  
With thy chaste victories upon my heart?  
Would heaven had nere begun these joyes, till it  
Had kindly promis'd they should never end.

*Theand.* Yet whilst they last, wee'l strive to make  
the strict  
Example of our love, an easie Law, unto the vain fan-  
tastick world.

*Eurith.* The nimble Dwarf,  
And lazie Eunuch then (which are the Spies  
And messengers of their blind god) might rest  
Upon their quilts at home, for all their toyles  
And simple business upon earth should cease.

*Theand.* And that small god himself (who ne're could  
tempt  
Wise Poets to increase his stature, or  
To mend his eyes, as knowing what  
A useles Deity they made) might soon  
Go shake his Quiver, and unplume his Shafts.  
The influence with which his fond Idolaters  
Are giddily inspir'd, is incident to falshood and to  
change.

*Eurith.* But our affection, Time nor sad distresse  
Have power to alter or destroy.

*Theand.* Yet say the furie of some sudden war  
Should lead us captive to a cruel Land,

Couldst thou indure the frowns of Destinie,  
And be thus beauteous still? When scornful men  
Shall ask, where now are, all those Persian Looms  
Your Lovers flowing wealth employ'd to weave  
Your Vestments ever new, when you appear'd  
Like gawdie *April* in *Cicillian* Meades,  
Or various Tulips in the Ides of *May*?

*Eurith.* Fear not my love, the homely weeds spun by  
The coarse and heavy finger'd people that  
Reside i'th neighbour vale, should well become  
My beautie then, since humbled by my thoughts,  
The brisk pett Linnæ in his russet Feathers flies,  
As warm as any Bird of Paradise  
With all his painted and his gilded trim.

*Theand.* But oh! me thinks I hear thy mourning, and  
The sawcie Foe demand, where are those Fumes  
Of sweet *Assyrian* Nard, wild *Cypress* Boughs,  
And sifted Amber of the Southern Sea,  
Which ever as you mov'd, *Theander* burnt,  
Pretending sacrifice, but 'twas to hide  
You in those costly mists, from Rivals eyes.

*Eurith.* Then with my wiser scorn I shall reply,  
For sweets, behold yond' bed of Violets,  
That lean and hang their heads together, as  
They seem'd to whisper and consult, how to  
Preserve their odor to themselves, whilst neer  
Each Chrystal brook the jolly Primrose stands  
Triumphing on his stalk, as he disdain'd  
His hidden root, ambitious to be worn  
Within a chaste, although a captives breast.

*Theand.* Still, still me thinks, this rugged conqueror  
Derides thee with his Iron wit, and asks  
Where are the whispers of your amorous Lute,  
That sooth'd you into slumbers tilll your dreams  
Became your greatest sin.

*Eurith.* When I shall musick need, Ile say each tree  
Doth

Doth entertain a Quire at natures charge:  
And what is he dares touch the *Tuscan* Lute;  
Whilst in the night he hears the Bird begin  
Her pensive notes; whose feather'd Ancestor the fiery  
*Terens* wrong'd?

*Theand.* And whilst thy days of bondage last, thou  
shalt

With artful needle draw in silken Imag'ry,  
The stories of our fatal love and learn  
T'out-worke that mistick nursery of Maids—*Theander*  
The Phrygian Sybill taught, (gazing on her,  
rises and starts.

*Eurith.* Ay me, what sudden terror shakes you thus,  
Into a wild demeanour of your looks?

*Theand.* Such fire as this, I have not felt before,  
It boyls my liver, and it burns my heart,  
My blood runs flaming till my scorched veins,  
Together cur'll like broken treble strings.

*Eurith.* Tell me, the best of Princes, what's your grief?

*Theand.* 'Tis strange; come *Eurith* let us walk.

*Eurith.* Will you divide your troubles from my breast?  
Shall I not know your grief, which though  
My pitie cannot remedy, my prayers may?

*Theand.* It is a Fire, kindled and bred in Hell:  
For it perswades, and warms me to a guilt,  
As strange and distant from my knowledge, as  
My will; move on my gentle Love. Oh stay! go back!  
Go back a while, till I've subdu'd my thoughts.

*Eurith.* Help him sweet Heaven, preserve his reason  
safe.—

*Theand.* Nay, do not weep, those watry obsequies  
Serve to lament, not quench such Fun'ral fire as mine.

*Eurith.* A Funeral fire?

*Theand.* O yes; 'twill burn me after death, though thou  
Couldst drop more showers than *April* weeps when  
*March*

Hath blown the ruder winds into his eyes;  
 Though every tear thou shedd'st were swell'd into  
 A wave, thou couldst not quench this secret fire.

*Eurith.* Dear *Theander*!

*Thea.* Hide, hide thy beauty er'e  
 Thou speak'st; put on thy Vail: nay, closer yet — *She*  
(*vails her self.*)

*Eurith.* You careful Angels that reside above  
 Can you have business of more grace or need,  
 Than to consider such a change as this?

*Theander,* speak, what may it mean?

*Theand.* To name it, were such impudence, as Bawds  
 And Ravishers cannot attain till they  
 Are grown long exercis'd, and old.

*Eurith.* These words are newer than the wondrous  
 cause  
 That gives them breath.

*Theand.* Bold devil, thou imperious flame,  
 Sure I shall stifle thee at last. Now come  
 My *Euritheia*, lets move on, thy strong  
 O'recomming beauty clouded thus, we may  
 Converse, and safely too I hope. Alas,  
 Why dost thou weep? O sad, sinister change!  
 I am resolv'd; for if my tainted veins  
 Still harbour this disease, I will not need  
 Thy anger *Phylomont*, to make me bleed.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT. 4. SCEN. I.

*Enter Buonatesta, Sciolto, Fredeline.*

*Buon.* Where is the honour of my Science now?  
 Are my assertions true? I told you, though  
 Their cold unpractis'd constitutions might  
 For two short hours be an impediment  
 To our fierce hopes, it could not fail to work.

*Sciolt.*

*Sciolt.* Magnanimous Rabbin, thou hast conquer'd us,  
We yeeld to thy Philosophy; I would  
Kneel down for expiation of my mis-belief,  
But that my joynts are old, and it were troublesome  
To rise agen, my fine Magical Mounfier,  
Be courtly in thy Learning, embrace us, and forgive our  
Heresie.

*Buon.* But are you reconcil'd (with Pious thoughts)  
Unto the ancient Sages, and believe their knowledge of  
some use?

*Sciolt.* They are Right Worshipful,  
I rev'rence all their Ghosts; but forth'old fellow  
That walk'd with's Lanthorn to find honest men,  
Introth he did an Ancestor of mine  
A private wrong, sticks in my stomach yet.

*Fred.* My Lord, it needs must be so long ago  
Your goodness should perswade your memory  
To blot it out; but pray what wrong could poor  
*Diogenes* afford your Ancestor?

*Sciolt.* Why meeting him in a blind Lane, he deny'd  
To lend him that Lanthorn, which you know (Signior)  
To a Gentleman in silk Stockings, and white Shoos, was  
a discourtesie.

*Buon.* Your Lordships subtle in antiquities,  
And have kept a very nice Intelligence.

*Sciolt.* Well *Fredeline*, this luckie Plot was ours;  
W'have done enough; we now may combe  
Our heads, stroke 'um, strew 'um o're with Nutmegs  
To gratifie our brains, then lay 'um up  
To sleep. Hast thou convers'd with the good *E*  
Since he did feel the med'cine in his blood?

*Fred.* O Sir, the Ice is melted that hath kept his veins  
So frozen and condens'd; he must find out,  
That Nature made a woman for some use  
More consequent, than to converse with and admire:  
Besides, this our belov'd and knotty Sophister

Hath fill'd me with such potent arguments,  
 Divine and Moral, to perswade the Rites  
 Of Marriage, wise, and seemly too, as he  
 Shall needs consent in's reason and his will,  
 That he was once begotten, and must now beget.

*Sciolt.* Th'ast drawn this Circle with my own com-  
 And rais'd a spirit in't *Agrippa's* self, (pass;  
 Were he alive, could not allay.

*Fred.* Nay more, by my appointment Sir, there  
 waits

A Priest, at th' chappel door, who just upon  
 The nick of his conversion may appear,  
 And tye that mystick knot; which *Enrithea*, though  
 She pick it with her little fingers, and  
 Her Bodkin, hardly will unloose agen.

*Sciolt.* Exquisite *Fredeline*, I hear the *Dose*  
 I gave my Son, hath turn'd him from a tame  
 Souldier to a town Bull; I will go seek  
 Him strait, and find some means t'appease his am'rous  
 wrath.

*Exit.*

*Fred.* Philosopher, we two must seal a brother hood;  
 Come, let me shake thy Hebrew and thy Greek  
 Transcribing Fist: Not all thy Leathern, nor  
 Thy Vellum friends, those dead companions on  
 Thy shelves, shall be more faithfull to thee than  
 Thy humble *Fredeline*.

*Buon.* Though my own studies Sir,  
 Be solemn and profound, I honour a  
 Good Wit, and can be tickled with pure Fancie  
 As well as youthful Poets in their Wine;  
 Yours I have plac'd in my first choice.

*Fred.* Ah my Philosopher! if thy almighty Art could  
 do one courtesie,  
 In my behalf, I'd fill thy Standish with  
 My heart blood, ere thou shouldst want Ink to write,  
 And leave thy wisdom to the world.

*Buon.*

*Buon.* But name it Sir ; we that are rich in treasure of the mind,

Like others wealthy in their gold, do of't  
Preserve the best and chiefeſt part conceal'd.

*Fred.* Couldſt thou by ſome rare ſubtle compound  
work

On Nature ſo, that whom I lov'd might be  
Inforc'd to make return of an affection hot  
And violent as mine ; me thinks I ſee  
A cheerful answer in thy looks, be kind,  
And ſpeak ſome comfort e're I faint.

*Buon.* This may be done.

*Fred.* How, how? my ſage immortal friend?

*Buon.* You are in love?

*Fred.* Platonically Sir, no otherwiſe.

*Buon.* Fie, fie ! profeſs a frienſhip, and preſume  
To gull me with a Ladies Paradox ?  
Do not I know what that imports?

*Fred.* Well Sir, you that have ſkill t'interpret all  
The Eaſtern tongues, may mannage my weak words  
Into what ſenſe you pleaſe.

*Buon.* If you expect redreſs, the Miſtris whom  
You love muſt grow familiar to my ſight,  
That I may ſtudie her complexion, and  
Her years, then mark which way her ſoul's inclin'd.

*Fred.* I know 'twill be as ſafe a ſecret in  
Your knowledge as in mine, 'tis *Euritheia*.—

*Buon.* I thank you much, not for the truſt you put  
Into my breaſt, but for your brave ambition, Sir,  
For I affect great Spirits like great Wits :  
But give me leave to aſk.

*Fred.* I will prevent you Sir, for I preſume  
You'tbut demand what others privie to  
My bold deſign have queſtion'd twice, why I  
Thus toil to make *Theander* marry her,  
ſince by my hopes preſcrib'd for mine own bed?

*Buon.*

*Bnon.* You guess my wonder to the full.

*Fred.* My other Instruments I thought too thick  
And heavie soul'd, to merit knowledge of  
This mysterie, but you have reason Sir, and shall be satisfi'd.

*Bnon.* Signior, I wear your praise as my best dignity.

*Fred.* Pray listen then. If I should think t' enjoy  
Her by the tame and formal title of  
A Wife, I were but simply gull'd by my  
O'reweeining, and too sawcie Ignorance,  
As knowing well my birth, my fortune, and  
My years make me unfit for such a hope;  
Yet it is apt she marry too: and why?  
That she may taste man, for Sir, in this cold  
And frozen life of her virginity,  
There is no means to prosper my desires;  
But when she comes to relish Man, whose warm  
Contraction makes her thaw, then like a Spring  
Too long imprison'd in her Ice, she'll spread  
Into a lib'ral stream, that ev'ry thirsty Lover may  
Carouse, untill his heat be quench'd.

*Bnon.* 'Tis subtly said; but Signior, now suppose  
The Wedding past, have you no other means  
To prosecute your love?

*Fred.* More cunning and sublime!  
My deep designments have contriv'd, before  
His bridal kisses cool upon her lips,  
He shall grow jealous of her chastitie.  
This Sir, is certain as the nights  
Succession to the day, and well you know,  
Shee that finds her husband jealous without cause,  
Will lye Perdu until she give him one.

*Bnon.* Thy bold ambition and thy wit, indeer'd  
Thee first unto my thoughts, but now I find  
Thee deeply read in Lovers Polliticks;  
The lustful Priests of *Paphos* might have been  
Disciples to thy skill. How I affect

Mis-

Mischief, when mannag'd by a brain, can lead  
And usher it in new untrodden waies? —

*Fred.* But will you make this compound sir?

*Buon.* It shall be strait prepar'd, which e're you sleep  
You must receive into your nostrill by a fume  
Made on a little fire of *Cassia* roots; then gaze  
On her to morrow but two minutes space,  
Until your am'rous Optick spirits by  
A secret transmutation steal into

Her eyes, and straight the work is crown'd. *Enter The-*

*Fred.* I am oblig'd to sacrifice my life: ( *ander.*

The Duke is come, away. It is not fit  
Your friendship should be yet begun; goe to  
Your Limbeck dear Phylosopher. — *Exit Buon*

*Theand.* Leisure, and drowfie sloath, did first beget.  
These crooked and abortive thoughts: they are  
The progenie of ease. What doe I heere?  
When I had busines in the campe they ne're  
Durst tempt mee in my idlest dreams: But oh!  
They have o'recome my nature, and my strength!  
If there be remedies, Ile chuse the best.

*Fred.* This morne your excellence was pleas'd to  
think

My counsels, learn'd, and requisite; I wish  
Your wise opinion may not change her faith;  
There waits a Priest within will give a sweet  
And sudden cure to your disease.

*Theand.* I thank you sir, have you acquainted *Phylo-*  
*mont*

With my desire of peaceful conference?

*Fred.* He will obey you sir — look where he comes!

*Enter Phylomont.*

*Phyl.* Sir I am told: you wish'd me here on some  
Affaire may much concern us both, and that  
Our meeting should be ful of equall courtesie.

*Theand.* Sir, I have done you wrong, and made  
mine eyes Severe

Severe Inquisitors to find your faults,  
 But vay'd them when they look'd upon mine own:  
 I'm grown less temp'rate than your self, something  
 I feel, which to extenuate with civility  
 I'd name, unruliness of youth, though I  
 Was won't to call't a Sir.

*Phyl.* O, is it come to this? He cashier'd my new  
 levy'd troops,

Wee'l kill no Souldiers sir, there's hope wee may beget  
 Some now. *Theander*, speak? Shall wee preserve  
 Our Ensigns folded, and proclaim a peace?

*Theand.* My Sister you shall marry, *Phylomont*.

*Phyl.* I thank you Sir, most heartily: You, if  
 You please, shall marry mine, and then do with  
 Her what you list, for He make bold with yours.

*Fred.* This Duke is one of *Plato's* Hereticks.

*Theand.* How e're our inward inclinations are  
 Most sulphurous and foule, let us (I pray)  
 Inforce a little vertue from Hypocrisie,  
 And hide it from external view

*Phyl.* *Theander*, I was bred under as chaste  
 And modest Discipline as any Prince alive;  
 And can affect a Lovers tenderness,  
 And decencie of speech, but not to know  
 The order, and the course of things were fond  
 Unmettal'd Ignorance. Is't not the custome Sir,  
 That wee must marry first, and then to Bed?

*Theand.* To Bed, that is to sleep.

*Phyl.* Right, if the Bridegroom Sir be mad, sleep is  
 His Med'cine then; I'm sober, I thank heaven,  
 And know my business, your Sister shall find it.

*Theand.* All this is news to mee, either thou knowst  
 Too much, or I have thought a virtue what  
 More pregnant men, may terme a dull mistake;  
 It cannot be, I have a strange instinct  
 That gives me pleasure in my former faith.

*Phyl.*

*Phyl.* Injoy it still, your life and motion fir,  
You can preserve by immateriall fire,  
We that are forc'd to keep our spirits warme  
In flesh and blood, must be content to live  
As other mortals doe.

*Theand.* I prethee let's dispute it bashfully;  
Yet I would learn, is custom grown so bold?  
First marry *Phylomont*, and strait to bed!

*Phyl.* To bed, that's as you said to sleep; and then  
T'ween sleep and waking fir, to touch, as 'twere,  
By chance, not purpose, and so fall into  
You guess the rest.

*Theand.* Enough, I heare no more.

*Phyl.* But where's your Sister: I would fain dispatch.

*Theand.* Conduct him to her, *Fredeline*; this Key  
Will open you the way, if I shall need  
Her pardon to excuse m'unskillfulness,  
Intreat it for mee fir,

*Phyl.* It shall be easily attain'd.

*Fred.* This is a service I have much desir'd to do  
your excellence.

*Phyl.* Signior, you have deserv'd my thanks.

*Exeunt. Phyl. Fred.*

*Theand.* This noble youth was by the general voice  
Held most exact and heavenly in the whole  
Demeanor of his life, his judgment is  
Of late defil'd, or what I feel is no  
Rebellion of my reason; but my strength,  
Not a disease, but some odd sawciness

*Enter Eurishea vail'd.*

Of health, which hee doth merrily commend.  
Behold my faire *Cathusian* now appears,  
Whose purer thoughts and beauty soon will turne  
This new opinion to an heresie.

*Eurith.* I was perswaded fir, thus vail'd, to wait  
On your commands.

*Theand.*

*Thean.* Tis now ( Sweet *Euristhea* ) in thy power  
To shew a mercie that may save my life,  
Slaves that are chain'd unto the heavie Oare,  
Who labour till they chafe the restless waves  
Into a foame, are not inthrall'd like mee.

*Euristh.* Can you believe my Lord, your griefs are so  
Contracted to your self, so slow and lame  
With their sad weight; that in this tedious space  
They here could travel to my heart?  
Know they have made a visit here, here they  
Are lodg'd; and I could wish ( though strangers much  
Unwelcom'd at the first ) they never would  
Return from whence they came.

*Theand.* Thou art too pittifull: but be so still,  
That I may flatter my oppressions with  
Some hope, if not with remedy, grant a  
Request which I unwillingly must urge,  
And thou shalt faintly heare

*Euristh.* Why doe I languish with delays? call't not  
( *Theander* ) a request, but a command,  
And justly confident reveale it straight.

*Thean.* O that we could  
Exchange intelligence with our dumbe thoughts,  
And make our meaning known e're it should need  
The tongue: I cannot, dare not ham't.

*Euristh.* You wrong th'unblemish'd vertue of your  
soule,  
Your contemplation never could create  
A business so deform'd, as riot deserves  
To be deliver'd by your voice, I sigh,  
And mourne untill I heare't.

*Theand.* If I must speak, I would some Northern frost  
That purifies the morn's infected mists, would purge  
My breath, e're it arrive unto thine eare.

Poor *Euristhea*, you must marry me.

*Euristh.* Is't this, that so hath vex'd your utterance?

More

More willingly than I would leave the black  
And footie Caves, where Fiends reside, to walk  
I'th fragrant dwellings of the blest: Lead on,  
Be cheerful, and recall your health, your own  
Domestick Priest, with ceremonious Rites  
Will quickly perfect your desire—

*Thean.* So willingly! stay *Euritha*, can you guesse  
th'intent

Of what you would perform, of many new  
And undiscover'd trials you shall make  
Of things, we had not courage yet to learn;  
Darke deeds, and practis'd in the night, which when  
Our hastie youth shall aske our wisdom leave,  
May seem perhaps convenient, but not good.

*Eurith.* Why should I make my meditation judge  
Of what your better knowledge hath resolv'd?  
Thus I unvail, to tell the world I dare  
I'th open interview of light, approve  
And justifie your worst and secret thoughts.

*Theander*, lead the way.

*Theander.* O cruel stars! I shall betray a Virgin now,  
whose innocence

Is so extream, it yields and turnes to guilt? (make,

*Eurith.* Why doe you stay my Lord, and strive to  
Or find new sorrowes, ere the old are lost.

*Theand.* Leave me my gentle Love; I will not goe,  
Nor tell the cause: Would thou wer't wicked as  
My self a while, that thou might'st know't: my eyes  
Grow sick; 'tis not secure to weare  
Thy beauties thus display'd.

*Eurith.* Alas, these are but couz'ning forms, there is  
No truth in your delays; I know you spoke  
In the sincereness of your soul, when you  
Profess'd our marriage would assist your minds  
Recoverie. *Theander*, come.

*Theand.* Dull Fate! where is the vigour that I  
show'd  
When

When our lowd Cannon seem'd to stifle the  
Affrighted day with smoke, and Rivers flow'd  
Themselves into a new extent, swelling  
Their tides with humane blood? In Lovers soft  
And simple war, I'm weaker than a child.

*Eurish.* Still more delays! you kill me if you stay.

*Theand.* Shee is resolv'd, her better Angel sure  
Is ever by her side, no danger then  
Can harbour where she goes, and yet I blush  
As I should need her vayle to hide my shame  
E're I commit the Sin—lead you the way.

*Eurish.* This is a strange command! here, follow sir.

*Theand.* Thou little, though imperious God of love,  
(Warmely inthron'd within thy mothers lap,)  
How wilt thou sit and smile when thou shalt see  
To sooth thy wantonness, and swell thy pride,  
The Bridegroom woo'd, and usher'd by the bride?

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Gridonell, Castragano, Arnoldo, Gaspero.*

*Grid.* I will not follow a Platonick Duke,  
So tell him sir, I am inspir'd, and know  
The meaning of the word.

*Castra.* Be not so furious sir, I'm of your Sect;  
Unless he suddenly recant, I am  
Resolv'd sooner to serve the great Turke.

*Grid.* The Turke! Is he platonically given?

*Castra.* Troth sir, not much; hee hath some seven  
hundred

Of those taffie creatures you admire so, in's own house.

*Grid.* Would I were the great Turke  
But for one Month, yet 'tis a chargeable place,  
Hee can't spend les then a Collonels pay  
In Pins among these Damsels, besides Muffes,  
And fine white Gloves! Poor Gentleman, he lives  
At a great rate. *Castragano*, a word—takes him aside

*Castra*

*Castr.* Be not so boisterous sir, the Powder workes strangely.

*Grid.* Fetch mee your Sister hither strait.

*Castr.* But for what purpose?

*Grid.* What's that to you. I've occasion to use her.

Something I must doe, I know not what 'tis,  
But I begin to feel shee will be very  
Convenient for mee at this time.

*Castr.* If you'l agree upon the wedding houre:

*Grid.* How long then must I stay?

*Castr.* Till a License be brought from *Palermo*,  
And the Priest have done his office.

*Grid.* I have not patience to expect till then,  
Goe bring her hither strait; dispatch,  
Or Ile weare out my Fist upon your smooth countenance.

*Castr.* You are too rude, I'll leave you sir. *Exit.*

*Grid.* Deny me such a poor request? 'tis an  
Ill natur'd Rogue! Come hither *Aspero*, have you a  
Sister?

*Asp.* Yes, and a pretty one, I thank my Stars!

*Grid.* Fetch her to me instantly, I cannot stay.

*Asp.* You must have patience till her Nurse have  
made

Her ready sir.

*Grid.* Her Nurse, what does she with a Nurse?

*Asp.* Shee is at suck, and hardly six months old.

*Grid.* At suck! nay, if she lye at that poor Ward,  
Sipling of milke, she is not for my turne.

*Arnoldo?* preethie fetch mee thine.

*Arnol.* I would be glad to doe my friend a courtesie.

Would you had spoke in time, for sir, introth shee's

*Grid.* I doe not like a dead commoditie. (dead.

Well Gentlemen, you must each stand Sentinel

L

Close

Close at the Laundry dore, and bring mee the  
First prize, no words, it must be done.

*Arnol.* Gladly, we love th'employment sir.

*Jasp.* This Soldier has din'd with the devill lately,  
And fed on Sea-Coale Cakes, hee's vildly alter'd—

*Ex. Jasp. Arnol.*

*Grid.* I'm wondrous hot within; my guts are dry'd  
To a bundle of match; and I breath Gunpowder.  
What have I done of late, where have I bin? Let me  
consider it—

*Enter Sciolto.*

*Sciolto.* Hah! Melancholly, Son; thy Corporall  
would

Look merrier when he see's his Feather worne  
I-th Enemies hat, and's Knapfack without bread,  
Tell mee, what do'st thou want?

*Grid.* Something that you may help mee to; you  
sir

Are old, and well experienc'd in the world.

*Sciolto.* And thou shalt have it then: tell mee what  
is't?

*Grid.* Why sir, a wench.

*Sciol.* How boy! make me your pimp!  
Doe not vex mee, you shall know I could fight in my  
Youth.

*Grid.* I Sir, any man will fight for a wench.

*Sciolto.* You will provoke me, get you in, and give  
Attendance to *Theanders* marriage rites, tis straight  
to be perform'd.

*Grid.* Alas, I dare not goe; there is a cause not fit  
to be told.

*Sciolto.* You know what's fit! y'had best to tell it me.  
Speak, what's the cause you dare not goe!

*Grid.* Sir, I should ravish the Bride.

*Sciolto.* Are you so eager bent? Rare Phylosopher!

*Grid.* If I but see a Priest, and a Maid by,

Though

*The Platonick Lovers.*

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Though her dowrie be but a Silver Thimble,  
And a skein of Silke, I shall beat him fir,  
Unless hee doe his office strait, and marrie us.

*Sciolt.* Hah ! Tis high time to weare mine eyes  
open.

Hee may chance in this mad fir, contract himself  
To some Inheretrix that's landed on  
The High-way, whose Father sels fine Crab-sticks,  
And hazle nuts to riding Citizens.

Come Son, this Key must lock you up; you shall  
Remain a Prisoner in my Chamber till you grow more  
tame.

*Grid.* Ile not be taken Prisoner fir, by any man  
alive.

*Sciolt.* Nor yet obey your Father, you : you'l not  
Inforce mee draw my Sword ?

*Grid.* No fir, you had not best.

*Sciolt.* D'you threaten boy ! not best to draw my  
sword ?

*Grid.* No fir, for feare you sprain your arme : these  
weake

Old fellows know not what's good for u'm.

*Scio.* Sirra go in, one disobedient word, and I will  
dis-inherit thee.

*Grid.* My Lord, Ile yield, but if you would but lock  
Faire *Amadine* a prisoner i'th same room.

*Sciolt.* Thou traitor, get thee in.

*Grid.* Perhaps she would be willing fir,

*Sciolt.* Go in I say.

*Exit.*

*Enter Phylomont, and Ariola.*

*Phyl.* Let me a while contain thee in mine armes  
(Belov'd *Ariola*) the force of Indian winds  
That shake the aged Cedar from his root  
Shall not divide us now. *Ariol.* Here I would stay  
(My valiant *Phylomont*) till death should wave  
His dart, and becken us to follow him

Unto the hidden shades, till he should make  
By angry power these kind embraces cold.

*Phyl.* How sad and dismal sound the farewells which  
Poor Lovers take, whom destiny dis-joynes,  
Although they know their absence will be short;  
And when they meet agen, how musically  
And sweet, are all the mutuall joyes they breath?

*Ariol.* Like Birds, who when they see the wearie  
Sun

Forfake the world, they lay  
Their little pensive heads beneath their wings,  
To ease that weight which his departure adds unto their  
grief.

*Phyl.* 'Tis true my love: but when  
They see that bright perpetual traveller  
Return, they warm and aire their Feathers at  
His beams, and sing untill their gratitude  
Hath made them hoarse.

*Ariol.* My Brother I request may be forgiven, and  
call not my

Restraint his cruelty, t' hath mended me  
Within, and fill'd mee with such blest'd designs,  
As will deserve your wonder and your thanks.  
Forgive him *Phylomont.*

*Phyl.* Our friendship is  
Restor'd, which thus I will confirm with vows  
Upon thy sacred hand, but surely it  
Were better ratifi'd upon thy baulmie lip,  
Which after absence, decent custome will,  
Allow to those, who are delighted when they meet.

*Ariol.* Your vertues have such great and safe  
Authority, they cannot aske what's fit to be deny'd—  
*he kisses her.*

*Phyl.* This seems (me thinks) a new  
Demeanor, shee is alter'd much, more free

And

And kind than she was wont.

*Ariol.* Why dost thou ruminat aside, as if  
Thy Meditation were too guilty, or too great to be  
reveal'd

*Phyl.* Give me ( thou precious darling of my  
heart)

The priviledge to doubt a little, and  
Resolve me strait; why are thy courtesies  
So great now, and so easily attain'd,  
Which heretofore thou didst deprive mee of  
With frowns, and strict behaviour of thy brow?

*Ariol.* It shall be ever thus, my passion, and  
My thoughts are chang'd as *Enritha*, with  
My Brother lives, so shall our conversation take  
All liberty, and our salutes be far  
More amorous and bold, though vertuous still.

*Phyl.* This bounty had been excellent, when you  
Had priviledge to give, or to deny; but now  
Your charter's out of date, and mine  
Begins to rule: the Priest attends below  
To celebrate our Nuptial rites, which is  
The happy houre that doth advance

The husbands government; come to the Chappell,  
Love.

*Ariol.* A little pause; what need wee marry fir?  
I lately was instructed to

A clearer choice of our felicitie: is it not better to live  
thus, in a

perfection that we know than to attempt  
New joyes, which our unskilfulness should  
Make us doubt? this is the Angels life;

My Brother told me so, and then he breath'd  
Such holy Lectures as have prosper'd much upon my  
soule

*Phyl.* Not marry ( my *Ariola* ? ) is that the fatal  
word?

Take heed how you are sooth'd into a strange and fond belief.

*Ariol.* Your caution (Sir) is only needfull to Your self, can you desire a blessing more Exact than this we may possess, to live In everlasting confidence of what We do, yet still embrace, and love, although In persons not conjoyn'd, united in our souls?

*Phyl.* These are but trivial documents, alas! I'm hardly taught, thus rashly to renounce What all the wiser world have taken so Long leisure to approve, besides, *Ariola*, You much mistake your Brother, for just now I saw him married, the deeds past, these hands Gave, and presented him to *Hymen's* use, And hee's preparing for my Sisters bed.

*Ariol.* Your Sisters bed! (gentle my Lord) beware How you confer a calumnie, which all Your Orizons and mine, to help them can't excuse heaven.

*Phyl.* Let me conduct you to him, and your eyes Shall witness my assertion for a truth.

*Ariol.* No sir, if he be guilty grown, I shall Not wish to see him so; can he recant This soon, the fair Religion he did preach With all the fervency of minde?

*Phyl.* Do not lament, Th' example you should rather follow, than Accuse: come, my *Ariola*, like him Wee'l marry too, our wisdom shall perswade us to

*Ariol.* Some wicked spirit strives Sir to betray Us both: make tryal of this new Unusuall happines a while, live, and Converse beneath the spreading Poplar for Our shade, and for variety wee'l sit On yonder Rivers flowry banks.

Ph

*Phyl.* There whisper till wee court him to delay  
His journey to the Sea; and swell, untill  
He leave his scalie deaf inhabitants  
Upon the Shore, as tribute to our Loves.

*Ariol. I.* *Phylomont*, these are the guiltless sports.

*Phyl.* Fine holy dreams indeed, but cannot last,  
You and I must marry, 'tis resolv'd.

*Ariol.* Banish that thought, or I will take my leave  
And be estrang'd for ever from thy sight.  
But when reclaimd, seek me i'th mirtle Grove.

*Phyl.* Stay, fair *Ariola*, my reason sure must laugh  
At this subjection of my faith, but I  
Will on, freedome and kind addressees shée  
Harsh still assur'd; come follow me like an  
Unwilling Profelite, I slowly move  
To try the pleasures of Platonic Love. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Amadine, Fredeline with a Paper, and  
Castragano.*

*Amad.* Dispatch Sir, it grows late, my Lady will  
Expect I wait on her to bed, th'intelligence  
I bring, is full of certainty and truth:  
Make your advantage of't with your best skill.

*Fred.* Wilt thou adventure *Amadine*, 'tis but  
(At worst) the forfeiture of thy poor service,  
Which ile requite with giving thee young *Gridonet*  
To be thy Husband, and to rule; my plots  
Have so design'd, why did I order't else  
That he should take the Med'cine which hath forc'd  
Him to such Feminine attempts?

*Amad.* Indeed hee's growne more bold with me  
of late,  
And will come fairly on in time.

*Fred.* O doubt it not, can my experienc'd head stu-  
die in vain?

Captain, my indeer'd friend, will you forsake  
Me now, when such a ripe occasion shoves

It self, to give success unto my hopes?

Your sister is content to hazard all

*Castr.* Tis full of danger sir.

*Fred.* I will be there my self, and stand between  
Your person and his wrath.

*Castr.* Tis certain loss sir, of my company.

*Fred.* How? what's a company that brings as frail  
Revenew, and uncertain, as our purchases  
At dice, who'd live, and be maintain'd by others deaths?  
Look here, just now I caus'd him signe this grant,  
The Provostship of *Necossia* newly voyd,  
Which being under's hand and seale confirm'd,  
No new relapse of favour can recall  
The gift. You see your name here sir carv'd out  
In Roman Characters; the feat but done,  
He put it in your hand, then strait you may  
Take horse, ride post unto your government,  
Your Sister with you, on some Parsons strong  
Tall double Gelding sir, kept in my stable for  
That use; and then laugh at your Patron till he sicken at  
your mirth.

*Amad.* But shall my Husband Elect follow us?

*Fred.* And ride as swiftly as a Scythian from a battel  
lost.

*Amad.* In my weak judgement Brother, our re-  
wards are faire,

I am resolv'd to venture it.

*Castr.* Early i'th morning sir?

*Fred.* Just at the first appearance of the light.

\*The dore I told you of, must be the place.

*Castr.* You will be there protected with your  
sword?

*Fred.* A Captain, and raise doubts, that sound like  
Come sir, all shall be safe. You to your Lady. (feare)  
Let's meet i'th upper lobby two houres hence,  
And there consult. My Chymick fume I have

Already 'tane, if that succeed, and this  
Plot thrive, I will require no more from my  
Uncertain Fate, nor Art, whose usual scope,  
Is but to pay learn'd industry with hope. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Theander, Euritheia, a Table, stools, and  
lights set out.*

*Theand.* Husband, and Wife, we have a calling now;  
Shews it not strange, disquieting thy tender ears  
With sounds th'are unacquainted with? Titles  
(Me thinks) that yet we know not how to wear,  
We should be taught behaviour, and some forms  
Of gravity, are they not youthful, *Euritheia*?

*Eurith.* My Lord, I am more ignorant than you:  
If we have ventur'd upon errors, wee'l  
Conceal them, and forgive our selves.

*Theand.* Her beauty kindles in my brest new fires,  
Before the old are quench'd; wife *Fredeline*  
Told me, our marriage would procure my remedie,  
Alas! the cure's to come, and now I must  
Require't as custome, or a duty from her;  
In my nice thoughts 'twill teach her impudence.  
O curs'd disease! What shall I doe?

*Eurith.* *Theander*, you are still perplex'd, I thought  
The holy Priest had a Mysterious power  
To make these troubles cease. Did you not vow  
Our Nuptials was the means to save your life?

*Theand.* To Bed, my *Euritheia*, it is late.  
They say the married pair are incident  
To cares, 'tis fit then they should sleep, prethee  
To bed; shall I go call thy woman?

*Eurith.* My Lord, you are not kind: the tedious hours  
I could contract to Minutes in your company,  
And waste them faster then our village girles  
That dance in Meadows all the Month of *May*.

Ile take my leave, yet boldly too,  
Withall the solemn sweetness of a Bride—*Kisses*

My

My Lord, good-night

*Theand.* I am inflam'd agen, did she not take her leave, and say

Good-night? Then whither must I go?

One bed I thought kind *Hymen* had allow'd

To both, since by his God-head we are made

But one; thus it is generally receiv'd: stay *Euritheia*, we must talk.

*Enter Amadine*

*Amad.* Madam, your Beds's prepar'd, shall I undress Your Ladiship, or the Bridegroom first?

I'th Province where I liv'd, we us'd to call

A dozen apron Squires t'uncloath the Husband,

Then sow him in a Sheet, and lay him on his Pillow

Tamely, to expect the Bride two hours before she came.

*Eurith.* Wench, thou art mad! D'you understand her

*Theand.* A little, *Euritheia*, Do not you? (Sir

*Eurith.* She talks as it were fit we two.

*Amad.* Should lie together, that's my meaning Madam.

*Eurith.* Hence, and leave us, immodest fool.

*Amad.* I knew t'would come to this---*Fredeline.* will Find my words true; the morning may perhaps Make ye both Melancholly. *Exit.*

*Eurith.* This wench, *Theander* hath been fam'd for I doubt she hath experience too in things (wit; Not decent for th' observance of a Maid.

*Theand.* Alas, she talks but what she hears, and in Her understanding seems proper and fit!

*Eurith.* That we should sleep together in one bed,

*Theand.* Indeed it sounds most strangely to us yet; But use will dull those scruples to the ear; It must be done, custome will be obey'd.

*Eurith.* Never by us. Wee'l live to be examples, Not Sir to follow those, we cannot like.

*Theand.* Consider gentle Love, ere you believe Your own opinions best. Why did we marry?

*Eurith.*

*Eurith.* That's easily resolv'd, I thought *Theander*,  
Some wild sad jealousy had vex'd thy heart  
With fear of rivalship, and by this sacred band  
Thou would'st secure and tie me to thy self,  
More safely to destroy anothers hope,  
Though these were needless doubts. I never gave  
You cause to hold my love in your suspect.

*Theand.* Thou dost mistake my griefs, it hath a cause  
More foul, which I'd acquaint thee with, if it  
Were comely to reveal't, but since I have  
Betray'd and led thy guiltless feet into  
This sacred snare, 'tis fit to avoid the scorns  
Which singularity, and overbashful  
Niceness will beget; wee'l live as others do,  
As much i'th practises of night, as day.

*Eurith.* O *Theander*! the sweetness of thy soul  
Is sower'd, like *Cretan* Wines that are too excellent  
To last; my blood thou hast to water turn'd,  
And I shall soon consume it all in tears.

*Theand.* Go *Eurith* to thy bed, sleep like  
A Virgin not a wife, be by thy own  
Embraces warm'd; Injoy thy bosome to  
Thy self, away! haste to thy bed, I to  
My grave, and let my Coffin lye  
Ungarnish'd in the earth, come not to strew  
It o're with flowers: I am so pestilent  
That I should blast thee after death.

*Eurith.* *Theander* stay! Who knows but heaven may  
Such mighty blessings to my speech that strait (give  
I may perswade thee from thy guilty thoughts?

*Theand.* Never: my brest is now become  
The burning prison of the Fiends, it is  
So sulphurous and hot, me thinks they find  
Their punishment increas'd, and would to cool  
Themselves; return unto their former hell.

*Eurith.* O direful extasie! can I hear this and live?

*Theand.*

*Theand.* Ile tell thee more, to make thee fly  
With some kind Angels borrow'd wings, from this  
Infected Region where I breath. Know all  
Our marriage vows ( which certainly were first  
Ordain'd for holy use ) I meerly took,  
As formal helps to my pernicious lust.

*Eurib.* Yet stay, in this short tyranny of time,  
Thou canst not be so sinful grown, as to despise  
My pitie and my prayers too ! O stay.

*Theand.* I dare not, for thine eyes augment my smart,  
Each small neglected beam they shed,  
I gather up in flames, and quite pervert  
Their vertuous influence to a lustful fire.

*Eurib.* Thou lost remainder of the noblest Prince,  
The active War, or wiser Courts e're knew,  
How do I blush to find my groans and sighs,  
Have left me breath enough to speak my last  
Farewell ? *Theand.* How far is it to heaven, that yet  
This Ladies mournings are not heard, for if  
They were, my sufferings and my guilt would cease ;  
Or cannot our petitions climb, and get  
Access as nimbly as our faults ? O this  
Is it that so emboldens vex'd humanity,  
Makes us complain, those undiscern'd  
Immortal governors are often in  
Their bounty slow, in Justice too severe,  
And give not what we beg, but what we fear. *Exeunt.*

## ACT. 5. SCEN. 1.

*Enter Theander, Fredeline.*

*Theand.* My gladness doth overcome me *Fredeline*,  
Some kind celestial power hath physick'd me  
With immaterial balm, the sickness of  
My blood is gone, my hot and eager thoughts  
Grow temp'rat now, my veins are cool within,

*As*

As silver Pipes replenish'd from a Spring.

*Fred.* It seems the Philosophers *Dose* hath done Working, 'tis well he is already married ;

*Theand.* O I am light, more nimble then a Dove,  
Or empty Eagles in their mornings flight ;  
Me thinks this sinful vestment of my flesh  
Shows clean and new upon my soul, now I  
Shall sleep agen, and have such guiltless dreams,  
As I may tell my mother when I wake.

*Fred.* 'Tis strange the operation should decay  
So soon ; some few hours hence my subtle Fume  
Will govern in mine eyes : and there I hope  
Continue longer then his lust hath done with him.

*Theand.* I'm thinking *Fredeline* how *Euritheia* will  
Rejoyce, when she shall find what mastery  
Her holy friends above have wrought in my behalf.

*Fred.* 'Tis now neer birth of day, and as I told  
You Sir, to find her pensive in her bed,  
To draw her Curtains, and reveal your self,  
Quite alter'd and recove'rd in your minde,  
Will by the sudden wonder much augment  
Her joy. *Theand.* It must be full of pleasure, shew the way

*Fred.* That's her Chamber Sir, but through a back  
(Unless her careful woman hinder us (door  
By a strong bolt) I can convey you to her without noise;  
Make me your guide, and move to your right hand.

*Theand.* I shall be welcom'd and admir'd, as I  
Had made my visit from a Region so  
Remote, that my return would be no more  
Believ'd, then from the grave—

*Fred.* Here I injoy'd my Captain and his Sister stand  
conceal'd.

If he should prove too cowardly for such  
A guilt, I were undone—Sure that's his voice.

*Enter Castragano (in a night gown unready) & Amadine:*

*Castr.* They both are come, speak louder *Amadine,*  
He

He cannot hear us else.

*Thean.* Hah! who are these?

*Fred.* They come from *Euritheas* Chamber, Sir,  
Lets retire to the Arras, and listen to their talk—

*Amad.* Brother take heed how you discourse  
And boast of your access, *Theander* would  
Go neer to kill us both, if he but knew  
Of this nights revelling.

*Castr.* Dost think I wear my tongue so slipp'ry in  
My mouth, these are not pleasures fit to be (*Amad.*  
Reveal'd : away, w'have said enough? *Ex. Castr. &*

*Fred.* They have observ'd the language I prescrib'd,  
To the strictness of a Sillable.

*Theand.* Sure he did urge my name; and spoke as it  
Concern'd my Justice to destroy 'em both.  
Who are they, thou know'st 'em *Fredeline*?

*Fred.* My indeer'd friend : can you be guilty of  
Such close night exercise?

*Theand.* Who is thy friend? death on thy courteous  
fears?

Why dost conceal't so long? What is he call'd?

*Fred.* Were he my brother, and thus injur'd you,  
My secrecie should never make him safe.

'Tis *Castragano* and his sister *Amadine*,  
She that attends upon your wife.

*Theand.* My wife : that title's new, and will grow  
horrid now!

Her Chamber was their Sphere of revelling :  
They came from thence.

*Fred.* Can you think so my Lord?

*Theand.* Why dost thou strive to lessen my belief,  
With wearing such disguises on thine own?  
Thou saw'st they came from thence.

*Fred.* Sir, if they did, that can infer no cause,  
To make your reason so disquieted;  
Are there not many of these *Tiffany*

Young

Young kerchief people that will have their lovers in  
Their Ladies Chamber whilst she sleeps?

*Theand.* Her Lover *Fredeline*! thou wouldst beguile  
My jealousy with hopes impossible:  
It is her brother, think on that.

*Fred.* Can Incest seem so strange to your conceit?  
The sooner Sir, for by that means th'are sure  
T'increase th'alliance, of those children which  
They get, and make them more a kinn unto themselves,  
But if the gentle *Euritheia* you:  
Suspect (as be it far from my dull thoughts  
To raise a sawcy fear) let me kill him—

*Theand.* Go, follow strait: bring me his heart, that I  
May see it pant and bleed within my hand.  
Kill him, his sister too: Yet stay, stay *Fredeline*:  
'Tis not the custome of my soul, to be  
Revenge'd by Deputie, or fix my anger where  
There is not equall strength and valour to incoun-  
ter it.

*Fred.* But Sir, if he should live  
To prattle in his Wine, and boast what he hath done?

*Theand.* Go then, take care thou see him strait im-  
barqu'd,  
And let some cunning Pilot steer him to  
A coast so wild and distant from this Clime,  
That's language never may be understood?  
Not to secure my fame, but in a piteous tenderness  
To *Euritheas* Sex. False *Euritheia*!  
When I had purg'd my memory of all  
My raw unwholsome thoughts, could'st thou de-  
file't

Agan with acting what I but unwillingly desir'd?

*Fred.* 'Tis worth my poor vexation too,  
When I consider how the scornful, that  
Malign'd the pure celestial sect of  
Lovers, which you mutually conspir'd

To

To raise, will smile when they shall heare of this,  
And say, 'twas but an old *Platonick* trick.

*Theand.* Leave me, and see him suddenly imbarqu'd

*Fred.* Sir, your command shall be obey'd; but I  
Beseech you not proceed to danger, on  
These weak unlucky doubts.

*Theand.* This was the cause she did dissuade me from  
Her bed, that she might make another room,  
Most virgin-like pretending 'twas a crime to aske  
A husbands priviledge: prethee leave me.

*Fred.* I dare not yet my noble injur'd Prince. *Exeunt*

*Enter Castragano, and Amadine.*

*Cast.* I'm glad the danger's past: It had been hard  
To teach me venture it, but that the Provostship  
Was a most powerfull baite.

*Ama.* And then to make the rich young *Gridonel*  
my husband too,  
For all his plots are sure.

*Cast.* But that which perfected  
My confidence, was thy assurance of  
The Lady's easie inclination to  
Forgive; for as thou told'st me, if the worst  
Succeed, and we should be constrain'd to tell  
The truth, she'll pittie young beginners, that  
Are forc'd to hazard a little honesty  
To make 'em rich, and is able to  
Procure *Theanders* pardon as her own.

*Amad.* You may presume it and rejoyce, for I  
Have felt her breast; 'tis soft and tender as a Pellicans--

*Enter Fredeline, with a Parchment writing,  
and Pocket Inkborne.*

*Fred.* My noble Captain, and my precious friend,  
I will not name what lasting gratitude,  
Your cares and courage have oblig'd me to:  
Men that are hearty and sincere come late  
With promises, and early with their deeds.

*Cast.*

*Cast.* I hope sir, though our dialogue were short,  
We utter'd your meaning in your own words.

*Amad.* My voice was valiant too, and lowd enough.

*Fred.* All was exacter then my hopes desir'd :  
And now ( just dealing Sir doth strengthen love )  
There is the Patent for your Provostship.  
Pray put it in your pocket safe, make choice  
Of all my Horses, strait to hasten you  
Unto your Government.

*Amad.* And shall my husband follow us?

*Fred.* Just now, he's drawing on his bootes, hee'l ride  
Half naked with his leggs, for out of hast  
He hath forgot to put his stockings on.

*Amad.* Were he quite nak'd, he should be welcome

*Fred.* Friend, I implore I may by ev'ry Post (sir.  
Have letters of thy businels, and thy health;  
And pretty *Amadine* when you have children,  
( As heaven no doubt, will send you store ) pray keep  
Them warm, and let me eate no fruit, nor fish ;  
You goe unto a cold raw clime, and I  
Desire all your posteritie might thrive.

*Amad.* It is the kindest gentleman.

*Fred.* Wee'le meet ith stable straite, there have  
A parting teare or two, and so farewell.  
Mischief on my fraile memory. I had  
Forgot a written Scedule here, to which *draws out a*  
I must intreat your hands—— ( *paper, Pen and Inke*

*Cast.* How ! what is it sir ?

*Fred.* Onely a short certificate, that justifies  
You lay with *Enritha* sir ; and *Amadine*  
Must needs subscribe, as witness that she saw you in her  
bed.

*Cast.* You shall excuse me.

*Fred.* Can you deny me this ? ( *his*

*Amad.* What w<sup>e</sup> have already done can raise but  
Suspitions, this will make him mad.

M

*Fred:*

*Fred.* Speak, will you write?

*Castra.* Our other crime if it be found may be  
Forgiven, but once consent to this, hee'le grow  
Too wise sir, to be merciful.

*Fred.* Well, I must seek for friendship among beasts;  
There is no melting courtesie, no honesty  
In men. Determine straite, will ye subscribe?

*Castr.* You have our answer, Signior, pray receive it.

*Fred.* Deare friend I take my leave, Sweet *Amadine*  
Farewel. I'm sorry we must part, as blind  
Men doe, never to see each other more.

*Castr.* Believe not so unkindly of our destinies.

*Fred.* Never, I feare: for I suspecting you'd deny  
This small request, was faine to hire  
Two shaggy ill-look'd Gentlemen, a brace  
Of massie hilted rogues, who waite below  
To cut your throats.

*Cast.* Y'are not in earnest sir.

*Fred.* Deare friend, when did you find I was in jest.  
However, if you'll fix your names in writing here,  
You may go on with safety to your government;  
Shall they come up?

*Amad.* No, no sir, if they be rogues,  
And have such shaggy looks: Brother, I find  
He's mischievous.

*Cast.* Give me the paper sir — *He writes, and gives*

*Fred.* Gentle Mistres, your name too — *it Amadine*  
So, now ye are kind, let me embrace you both.  
And pray look on the Pattent sir, I gave  
You to assure the Provostship. — *Castra takes it out*

*Castr.* Hah! here wants the Dukes hand. *and opens it*

*Fred.* Right, to what purpose pray should it be there,  
Whenth'office is not falsn.

*Castr.* I'm gull'd, sed by the nostril, like an Ass.

*Amad.* Nor shall I have no husband, Signior?

*Fred.* Introth I have been busied much of late,

And

*The Platonick Lovers.*

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And never spoke unto the Gentleman;

(way.

Besides, I thought y<sup>e</sup> had been inclin'd to the *Platonick*

*Amad.* I would my nayles were long enough, villain,  
I'd flea thee into raggs.

*Fred.* Alas, I smile at Injuries.

*Castr.* Peace, do not anger him : come sister wee'l  
Into my Garison. I've a Commission for  
A Company, I hope you'l speak unto

The Duke I may enjoy't. I'm sure his hand is to't.

*Fred.* But yet you'l find a willing small  
Mistake too in that Grant ; the Captain is  
Not dead that had the place.

*Castr.* Would I had spirit but to beate my self.

*Fred.* You are a *Florentine* ; one of the subtle Tribe,  
That think your neighbours have no brains, but what  
they meet serv'd in with sage and vinegar,  
To a calves head : I pray believe you found  
A dull *Sicilian* once, that could out-wit a *Tuscan Gentle-*  
man.

*Castr.* Y<sup>e</sup> are master of your pleasure sir ; whither

*Fred.* You must to Sea. (shall we goe?

*Amad.* To sea, Ile drown here first,  
Or aske pardon, and confesse all.

*Fred.* Not one word more on forfeiture of life.

*Castr.* My wonder makes me dumb, I need no threats.

*Fred.* You shall to the *Bermudoes* friend, and there  
Plant Cotton whilst your Sister learns to spin :

It is the Dukes command, and till I can

Provide a Ship, I must inclose you in

A garret safe, where you may weep and meditate.

No howling now, nor crying lowd, for feare

My ill-fac'd blades below ore heare't, and strait

To quallifie your voyces cut your throats ;

Nor do not grumble curses out, I hold

Them much unwholsome in a morning ere I break my

fast;

Ex.

Enter

M 2

Enter *Phylomont*, *Buonafeste*, *Ariola*.

*Phyl.* I'm wearie of this old *Platonick* life :  
D-you think that I'll sit sighing thus ( *Ariola* )  
Under a Poplar tree, or whining by  
A River side, like a poor Fisherman  
That had lost his Net ? Either consent to marry,  
Or I will strait take horse, ride to my Province  
And seek some down right virgin out, that knows  
Natures plain Lawes, though not the Art of love.

*Ariol.* Can you complain I am unkinde, or the  
Sweet freedom which I give, is not so much  
As eithers vertue might allow ?

*Phyl.* It is enough ! Men that are satisfy'd  
With winde and ayre, may keep Camelions company  
I'm of an other diet ; I, my learned  
New acquaintance here, laughs to conceive  
What *Hercules* and's fifty Mistresses  
Would have thought of a *Platonick* lover. ( *ch* )

*Buon.* He would have beaten's brains out with his

*Phyl.* Will you consent to marry, speak ?

*Ariol.* If I am powerfull with thee *Phylomont*,  
Let me but wooe thee to the Woods agen,  
And try how my perswasions can subdue  
Thy minde, unto our former temp'rat love.

*Phyl.* No, I thank heaven ; I'll sooner goe thither  
To rob poor Squirrels of their nuts, my sage  
And learned Author, shall I humble you  
So much as goe to bid my followers  
Prepare for my departure hence.

*Buon.* Stay a little fir, the Lady may relent.

*Phyl.* My hopes grow cold. I'll instantly away.

*Ariol.* Stay *Phylomont* - I do command thee stay,  
By the religion of thy sacred vows.

*Phyl.* One houre I will ; upon condition too,  
You walk aside with my Phylosopher,  
And listen reverently to his advice.

*Ariol.* My reason's fortify'd, let him come in.

*Philo.* Away, use all the force of your capacitie.

*Buen.* Plato shall lose one fond disciple fir,  
Or I'll goe burn my books, and singe my beard  
Off in the flame. ——— *Exeunt.*

*Enter Theander and Euritheia, at severall doores*

*Theand.* In this course Pilgrims weed, I shall injoy  
That quietness, which though great Princes have  
The power oist to preserve in others, yet  
Can ne're command unto themselves.

*Eurith.* Alas, my Lord, what have I done,  
That you should leave me to suspect  
My Innocence? Why, will you thus become  
A holy wanderer to seek that happiness  
In other Lands, which here you scornfully  
forsake? What have I done?

*Theand.* Is thy offence  
Grown up to be thy glory now, dost love  
To heare it told? or art thou sooth'd with silly hope  
It is conceald, the Starrs are witnesses;  
They all grow weary of the night, and wish'd  
For cloudes to hide their radiant eyes, from what  
Unwillingly they saw?

*Eurith.* Bafe my amazement quickly, or I dye.

*Theand.* Thou *Euritheia*, and the world are grown  
Too false and subtile, for the easie dull  
Sincereness of my heart, I will retyre  
To Desarts and to Rocks, there feed the winds  
With my continual sighes: untill I raise  
A storm shall nightly shake this Palace towres,  
And give thy flattr'ing conscience cause to feare,  
though I am gone still my revenge dwells here, *Exit.*

*Eurith.* O! I would follow, but my griefs are grown  
burdensome, they bow me to the ground. *She falls.*  
How various are the changes of our fate,  
How must I lose him, when he's safe restor'd

To all his chaste and noble thoughts : which way  
Could I consent to an offence ? I am  
By some conspiracie betray'd.

*Enter Fredeline.*

*Fred.* This fellow and his sister must be sent  
To Sea with speed, for feare some watchful accident  
Discover all. *Euritha* ! the most  
Illustrious Princefs of this Isle look up  
Faire Virgin-wife : alas, why do you weep ?

*Eurith.* I am forsaken, lost ! *Theander* is  
Unkind, o'recome with jealousie and scorn.

*Fred.* Madam, I think, I partly know the cause,  
Believ't, there are more villaines in the world,  
Then will appear so in the face, though it  
Be wash'd, and shav'd, then view'd with openlights.

*Eurith.* But sir, know you what thus disturbs my Love

*Fred.* Your Woman's false : her brother such a knave  
As were he sent to hell, the Fiends would crowd  
Together in a nook, t'avoid his company.

*Eurith.* She and her brother false to me !

*Fred.* Rise up, I doe beseech your Excellence ;  
And having wip'd away those liquid pearls  
From off your beauteous eyes, read this and wonder.

*She rises and takes a paper from him.*

*Eurith.* O dismall ! horrid treachery—

*Fred.* There you perceive, he doth affirm, he did  
Enjoy your bed, and *Amadine* subscribes  
To witness what he certifies.

*Eurith.* Though they are cruel, I forgive them both

*Fred.* That's heavenly said : yet marke their importune  
This note they sent to me, t'intreat me give (den  
It to the Duke, but when I doe,  
Let the quotidian gowt cease on my hands  
Untill my fingers grow more knotty then a Maple roe

*Eurith.* Sir, I believe you'll strive  
Rather to lessen his suspicion, than

By new contrivements give it growth.

*Fred.* D'you think I am of humane race? this room  
Is much too publick for your miseries.  
I pray retire within, and wee'l consult,  
How to dispell all these enchanted clouds.

*Enrich.* You are become the treasure of my hope,  
And will oblige me when my fortune smiles  
Agen, unto a gratitude, that shall  
Be great, and suffer no decay.

*Fred.* Already she is very kind, I hope  
My fume begins to work, I'll gaze upon  
Her still untill mine eyes melt into hers.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Gaspero, Gridonell, Arnoldo.*

*Gas.* Your Father sent us to release you sir,  
You have the house at liberty agen,  
He says, he may trust you with women now,  
For there is such a blemish found in one  
Of the fairest of the sex, as he presumes,  
Will teach all men to fly their company.

*Grid.* Indeed my danger towards women's past.  
For whether't be with fasting out  
My supper twice, or walking gently in  
My shirt, whilst the Moon shin'd, I cannot tell,  
But I am strangely alter'd, grown so cold  
Within, as I had lain a whole night *perdu*  
O'top o'th Alpes.

*Arnol.* But you were very hot before?

*Grido.* O *Arnoldo*, thou maist be glad thy sister  
Was dead, I had so mauld her else.

*Gas.* 'Twas happy mine was at suck too.

*Grido.* Th'art in the right, for had she been but  
old

Enough to weare a bondgrate on her brow,  
And nibble Gingerbread, sh'ad serv'd my turne:

*Arnold.* 'Twas a miraculous feaver you was in.

*Grido.* Well, shall I tell you gentlemen, believ't,

M 4

I had

I had eaten some strange odd meat, the pickled  
kidney of

A Goate, or the rumpe of a devill broyld.

But have you heard of a faire Lady that had got a  
blemish?

*7asp.* Our brave new Dutcheſs ſir, ſh'ath troubled all  
The houſe, and in her very bridall night  
They ſay, playd the Adultereſs.

*Grid.* How, gentlemen?

Pray heare me ſpeak; I've judgement in theſe things.

I will be hang'd, if ſh'ath not dipp'd her finger

In a French pie, ſome Kickſhaw made of ſeverall

Strange bits; Juſt ſuch as I encountred with,

And there devour'd the kidney of a Goate.

Come let's goe ſeek my Father out.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Phylomont, Sciolto, and Buonateſte.*

*Phyl.* I though I eſteem *Theander* at a rate,

As if I vallew'd all his victories,

And all the civill honours he hath wonne,

By conqu'ring the miſterious ſenſe of books:

And adde to this our loves, begotten in

Our Infancy, our noble frienſhip of

A better growth. Yet *Euritheia* is

My Siſter, and the chiefeſt of my blood,

On whoſe virtue and perfection I'm ſo well

Experienc'd in, that neither can admit

My leaſt ſuſpition or my feare, th'are both

Abus'd, but, if my friend will grow too credulous,

Ile learn to uſe him as my Enemy.

*Sciolt.* For my part ſir, I want inſtructions, what  
I ſhould believe, and words to utter haſte

The diſmal wonders I have heard: But ſure

He doth proceed on grounds ſo relative,

As would perſwade the wiſeſt to a jealouſie.

Yet on my ſoul ſhee's cleare,

*Phyl.*

*Phyl.* Then there is treachery, let it be found;  
If he permit my Sisters honour bleed,  
Without full arguments to warrant his,  
Suspect ere yet the circuit of one Moon  
Be added to my age, Ile give  
The people of this Province cause to curse  
Their Princes negligence.

*Bnon.* Your Grace hath found I've been a little pro-  
Of late in your affair, trust me with this: (T'perous  
Be pleas'd to tarry here a while conceal'd,  
You both shall finde I will untie these Magick knots,  
And strait restore the Innocent to such  
A light as shall have force to make their vertue shine.

*Sciol.* My man o' Medicines, if thou perform this,  
Although old *Aesculape* had but a Cock  
Allow'd him for a cure, thou every meal,  
Shalt have a brace of fat cram'd Capons at  
Thy board, each of 'em larger then a Dragon?

*Enter Theander like a Pilgrim.*

*Theand.* I seek thee *Phylomoni*, and like a friend  
Whose kindness grows upon him neer his death:  
I come to give thee Legacies, the Arms I won  
At *Capua* are thine, and those *Sardinian* horse  
I chose for our last war; my glories are  
Eclips'd, and I will go where there's no need  
Of pollicy nor strength, unto some dark  
And empty wilderness, where Fame can put  
Her Trumpet to no use, where all my danger is  
Leanness, and cold, but I shall live secure,  
From Ladies that are fair and false.

*Phyl.* Were I so cruel to beleave the cause  
Of thy calamity a truth, I would  
Invest me too in such a homely weed,  
And wander with thee where the Sun,  
In's universal journie should not finde  
Us out? but thou art govern'd by mistakes,

Some

Some treacherous practise hath subdu'd thy sense;  
 For both our safeties, think, my sister such,  
 As I pronounce of thine, I must not find her in thy  
*Theand.* O *Phylomone*! I have (doubts  
 Not blood enough to use in blushes, should I name her  
*Phylo.* Thy passions I forgive, agen! but mark (crime.  
 How much they are mis-led, this learned Gentleman,  
 Will free disguised truth out of that Labyrinth,  
 And dismall shade where she resides, then give  
 An instant remedy to all our griefs.

*Buon.* But you must promise patience Sir, and when  
 I give the sign, retire to'th Arras all silent and conceal'd.

*Theand.* Such blessings as you promise seldom come  
 From heaven, I'm sure no humane help can doo't.

*Enter Fredeline creeping in, as he were sick.*

*Buon.* Away, listen and hide your selves, there stands  
 The Conjuror, that I must first out-charm.

*Fred.* How am I Planet-struck, how suddenly  
 Depriv'd of strength, I breath faintly and short;  
 Like wearied Coursers when the race is done:  
 My sinnews shrink, and bear me crooked when  
 I move, as I had been their load a hundred years.  
 Palsies and Agues have possess'd my joynts,  
 I quiver like a naked *Russian* in  
 The snow; and my dim eyes begin to glare,  
 And wink like to a long neglected Lamp  
 Whose oyle is wasted to a drop.

*Buon.* The generous *Fredeline*? How do you Sir?

*Fred.* Villain, I'h'ast poyson'd me, the Minerals which  
 Thou gav'st me in thy fume were full of death?

*Buon.* I must confess they were not very wholesome—

*Fredeline offers to draw.*

Nay, be not angry Sir, you draw a sword?  
 You draw a knitting needle or a rush,  
 'Las poor weak gentleman? but if you could,  
 Here at my old friend *Archimedes* ward

It'd stand. — We Mathematick Mounfieurs have  
Our lines revers'd, and our stoccato's too.

*Fred.* This scorne will bring a worse disease into  
My gall, then whats already in my blood.

*Buon.* You have been bred in Cities, Courts, and  
Camps,

And weighed the hearts and brains of men in your  
Own scales, would fool the wisest Conclave too,

Though they went fasting to consult; so wise,  
You'd make the Devil oversee at Cards,

And then perswade him's horns hung in his light.  
You had your plots, but we dull Bookmen have

Our counterplots. *Fred.* Sir, 'tis confess'd too late.

*Buon.* It was not in the power of Art to make  
That fume I promis'd you, else you had had

It Sir, but this will serve your turn as well,  
'Twill end your lust, and give it ease at once.

*Fred.* Have pity on my languishment and pains.

*Buon.* Y'are now within the arms of death; but I've  
A cordial that may prove restorative;

If you will justly answer what I ask.

*Fred.* All Sir, and not disguise an article.

*Buon.* How did you raise this jealousy in the  
Offended Duke? I've heard he found two at

His Ladies Chamber door, where they discours'd  
Such language as inferr'd *Euristhea* false.

*Fred.* Sir, they were planted there by me, and what  
They said was counterfeit, such as I then

Appointed them to speak?

*Theand.* O damn'd infernal slave!

*Phylo.* I held him for a sober Saint.

*Sciol.* Contain your self my Lord: you shall hear more

*Buon.* Where have you hid those pious Instruments?

*Fred.* 'Twas *Castraganio*, and his Sister *Amadine*;  
Th'are lock'd ith Garret neer the Turret leads?

*Theand.* Give way to my revenge, that I may kill

Him

Him with my foot, spurn out his monstrous soul—

*Phyl.* *Theander* hold, Your anger was not wont to

*Theand.* Your counsel's timely Sir, (stoop so low.

I give you thanks; *Sciolto* bear him from

My sight: let him and's cursed Instruments be safely kept.

*Sciol.* Do you grin now? a pox o' your milde looks.

You took a precious care o'th Dukes posterity?

*Fred.* I'm an unfortunate Platonick Gentleman.

*Buon.* Keep him for justice Sir, the Physick which

He took will quickly cease its violence. *Exeunt Sciol-*

*(to, Fred.*

*Enter Ariola, Euristhea.*

*Ariol.* Where is *Theander*, that hath vex'd the best

And gentlest Lady in the world to such

Astonishment, that she is drown'd in tears?

*Theand.* Kind *Euristhea* pardon me, thy fate

Decreed, that thou who hast so long preserv'd

My life, shouldst by thy mercy now have privilege

To give it too.

*Eurith.* Restore me to your love (my Lord) and then  
Your bounty is so great, that all I can bestow, will be  
declin'd,

And not seem worthy of your thanks.

*Theand.* Things are reveal'd, thou'lt hear of horrid

But sure, henceforth I shall not dare to trust (miracles,

My heart within mine own inconstant brest;

It must be lodg'd in thine.

*Eurith.* I shall be tender how I give it cause  
Of a remove, 'lesse mine go with it too.

*Phyl.* *Ariola*, My Philosopher sayes

His Lectures pierc'd quite through your tender ears.

*Ariol.* Well Sir, y' had best to take me whilst

My new Religion is i'th' fit; he has

A mighty reason, and a fluent tongue.

*Enter Sciolto, and Gridonel.*

*Phyl.* Toth' Chappel then, my business will lye there.

*Sciolto.*

*Sciolt.* The villaine is imprison'd fir, and his  
Confederates acknowledge all that hee  
Reveal'd, for an unhappy truth.

*Theand.* My *Euristhea* must become their judge,  
And my Provincial Laws shall sleep awhile.

*Euristh.* That will but hearten others to do wrong,  
For mine will be an easie doom.

*Sciolt.* Pray fir, be known to my Phylosopher.

*Theand.* I must embrace him for my friend.

*Sciolt.* Well, he hath done strange feats : you took a  
powder,

And my Son too, there was no harme intended.  
You shall heare all within, perhaps find cause  
To swaddle my old Hide.

*Grid.* By this hand fir, were you not my Father I  
would begin;

I thought y' had powder'd me, 'tis well the heat  
Is past. Lord, how I dream't of Tassitie  
Kirtles, French Gowns, and fine Italian tires,  
That hung ( mee thought ) by my Bed side.

*Sciolt.* Son, He requite thee with a wife ; my friend  
Hath so behav'd himself for th' credit of  
The Arts, that He be at charge of a Primer,  
And a Fescue till thou learn to reade.

*Phyl.* *Theander*, my advice is good, when you  
Possess your Ladies Bed your self, y are the  
Best sentinell to hinder th' onslaught of  
The enemy, whining and puling Love is fit  
For Eunuches and for old revolted Nunns.

*Theand.* I shall incline in time.

*Phyl.* And when I'm married fir, I strait command  
You heare this briske Phylosopher one houre  
Upon that Theame.

*Bnon.* Wise Nature is my Mistriss fir, I shall  
Demean my self most stoutly in her cause.

*Theand.* Then surely I must yield : Come *Phylomont.*  
Your

Your Nuptial Rites perform'd, let's all enjoy.  
 The treasure of his knowledge and his tongue,  
 Yet we (my Eurishea) have a while  
 So rul'd each other with nice fears, that none  
 Hereafter will in civil kindness doubt  
 There are *Platonick Lovers*, though but few,  
 The Sect conceal'd, and still imagin'd new.

*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

## EPILOGUE.

Unto the Masculine I can afford  
 By strict Commission scarce one courteous word:  
 Our Author hath so little cause to boast  
 His hopes from you, that he esteems them lost,  
 Since not these two long hours amongst you all  
 He can find one will prove Platonickal;  
 But these soft Ladies, in whose gentle eyes  
 The richest Blessings of his fortune lies,  
 With such obsequious homage he doth greet,  
 As he would lay his Laurel at your feet:  
 For you (he knows) will think his Doctrine good,  
 Though't recreate the Mind, and not the Blood.

XUM



